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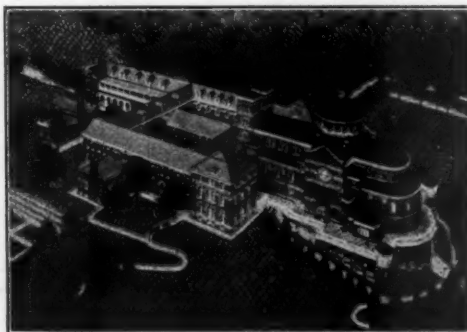
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OUR LADY OF BIKFAIA



Volume Fourteen

As the month of April each year closes another volume of *THE GRAIL*, so the coming of each May heralds the opening of a new volume. We now turn to page one of volume fourteen.

The superstitious call thirteen an unlucky number. While we do not admit that there is even an iota of truth in the assertion, yet volume thirteen came into being and continued through a year of hard times that up to the present show no sign of abating. The hand of depression has been clamped down upon us. By force of untoward circumstances many of our readers have been unable to meet their obligations and renew their subscriptions. Quite naturally little work is coming in and consequently the "life blood" of business is so sluggish that it scarcely flows. If we may judge by similar experiences in the past, we feel that we can safely predict that the present panic will eventually cease and that better times await us. Yes, we are even assured that prosperity is just around the corner, but the oracle hasn't yet revealed behind which corner prosperity is lurking.

May volume fourteen be a harbinger of good things and meet Dame Prosperity at least half way up the hill.

The Pillar of Light

Truth can bear the searching rays of the strongest light. But error and ignorance must often hide themselves. Recently we have seen one more example of this axiom in the late conduct of Gilbert O. Nations, the highly combative and righteously (?) patriotic editor of the *Fellowship Forum*, who refused to enter into open debate with Charles A. Windle, the nationally-known editor of *Truth and Light*. Fearlessly Mr. Windle took up the gauntlet so recklessly cast some weeks ago before the members of the Catholic hierarchy by Judge Nations. When forced to state his position plainly, the aggressive *Forum* editor thought it proper to decline to prove to an intelligent American audience that it is "right in principle, democratic, or American to deny any citizen of the Republic his civil and political rights on account of his faith." In con-

struing Mr. Windle's challenge as an avoidance of the issue, Nations is evidently hiding behind a cloud!—V. D.

Spring House Cleaning

Widely different thoughts are conjured up by the mention of the proverbial "spring house cleaning." If it is true that "there is a time for everything," then the time—at least the accepted time—is approaching for week-end retreats. You see the connection—or do you? But there is a very intimate connection between house cleaning and retreats. These little institutions, if we may name them thus, do all, and more, for the soul that the cleaning does for the house. And nobody is tired afterward but the retreat master! Retreats are not an innovation in these days; on the contrary they are established facts, with a record of achievements to back them up. We can not refrain from expressing the hope that this season's retreat movement be given the whole-hearted support of the Catholic laymen throughout the land.—V. D.

Clean Entertainment

The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae propose the following pictures as suitable and wholesome entertainment: *The Big Timer* (Columbia), with Ben Lyon and Constance Cummings; *Carnival Boat* (RKO-Pathe), featuring Bill Boyd and Ginger Rogers;

Lebanon's Queen

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

Thy Purity is of transfiguring white,
Thy holiest dower;
Like snow peaks, sun-kissed at the end of the night,
At the Angelus hour.

Of all Saints that have striven to conquer the skies
Thou wert the true Queen;
Mildly succour us sinners, that pray, Gabriel-wise,
At dawn, noon and e'en.

The Saddle Buster (RKO-Pathé), Polly of the Circus (M-G-M), starring Marion Davies and Clark Gable. Rated as excellent are Ein Walzer Vom Strauss (A Waltz by Strauss), a production of Splendid Film Co., and Tarzan, the Ape Man, an M-G-M release. The former is a Strauss romance of great charm. The story revolves around the early career of Johann Strauss, the younger, and many of his, and his father's, famous waltzes are woven into the plot. Unusually good acting carry the merits of the picture above the average. Tarzan, the Ape Man is a film glorified by the most amazing camera work. This feature contains all the wild dash and hypnotizing atmosphere of the heart of the African jungles. The following short educational films are of unusual interest: Athletic Daze—Olympic contestants in preparation; Bob White; Hearst News; Ireland, the Melody Island; The Living God of the Mongols—classified as excellent; Paramount Pictorial No. 8.—V. D.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

May! The month of flowers! The month of the Ascension! Christ, risen in triumph from death's degradation, had said to Mary Magdalen: "I ascend to My Father and your Father, to My God and your God." That is the word which has come to pass, and we witness it through the spectacle of the sacred liturgy. The scene is as present to us and we long to ascend with the loving Master, Whose glory we have so recently celebrated, in Whose Easter triumph we have participated, Whose suffering we can not forget. Why shall we not likewise join in this, His present joy? Christ of His own power ascends heavenwards, but we shall not follow Him thither, unaided. The measure of our joy shall not now be complete, lest our narrow and limited capacity be overridden by the infinite.

EXCELSIOR!

The Ascension of Christ transfers our attention, our endeavors, to a higher realm. Our thoughts are elevated to that place of bliss and glory, whither He has gone to prepare a place for us. During the forty days since Easter, the Paschal Candle reminded us of the presence of Christ on earth in His glorified body; now the Paschal Candle is removed from our sight, in order that we direct our mind above. And now must we, as the Apostles did, fix our gaze on heavenly things and be persevering in prayer, as we await the coming of the Spirit of God on Pentecost Sunday.

A DAILY CONSECRATION

Thus are we led by the holy liturgy—God's work—to Him, its very Author. Behold! once more it is time for the approach of the Great Sanctifier of souls. Having well prepared the field of our heart, we readily

receive the first implantings of Divine grace, and with the Holy Eucharist strengthening us constantly and acting as a secure staff to our infirmities, we go on to the celebrating that highest of mysteries—the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity. Three Persons in One God! This mystery is indeed the true object of all liturgical acts. And it is true to say with a modern writer on the liturgy that "the Church consecrates us daily to the glory of the Most Holy Trinity by means of the Sacrament of the Eucharist."

Sonnets of Holy Mass

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

4. *God Manifest*

No man the Heavenly Father did behold;
None hath the Spirit's being ethereal seen;
But Jesus, in the Flesh of our own mould,
Hath shown Himself, all beauteous and serene.

And round about Him is a halo bright,
Hope's rainbow, other-worldly smiles that rift
The storm clouds of our passions and shed light
And healing grace with absolution's shrift.

And when the rising sun its radiance flings
In glory round the elevated Host:
'Tis the same Christ who trod the surging sea,
Who preached to sinners through all Galilee,
Who bore in His own arms lambs that were lost,
And through His Sacred Death redemption brings.

Life

LONA PEARSON MACDORMAN

Our time is but a span, a little day—
We're born through hours of pain, we live, we die;
Sometimes we pause a moment, wondering why
We toil from sun to sun, when our brief stay
Is so uncertain. Power cannot delay
Our passing on, though we may sadly sigh
For length of days, and wait till Death draws nigh
To make our peace with God. Oh! let us pray
For strength to fight the false, to usher in
The kingdom of our Christ, to love the men
Who persecute us, sneer, and put to scorn
Our noblest thoughts and deeds. Above the din
And strife, keep pure, obey God's laws, and then—
For all the world, shall dawn a glorious morn!

Month of May

KATE AYERS ROBERT

Mother!
Best ever known—
World's most precious blessing
Without which God's Son wished not life.
Mother!

Impressions of the Eternal City

NANCY BUCKLEY

WHEN I was in Rome recently I found myself inexpressibly thrilled just to be in the Eternal City. Here, at last, was the goal of my oftentime wearisome journey and here I gladly remained as long as my schedule permitted.

The city itself is quite modern with its huge hotels and apartments; its motor cars and electric trams; its bustle and its continual movement; its crowded, colorful streets. It was not the Rome I had read about, and I was a wee bit disappointed when my train pulled up at the modern station and I taxied to my pension.

But when I went to St. Peter's! Ah! here indeed was the church I had dreamed of, and had seen pictured so many times. The wondrous dome was familiar to me; the wide-spreading piazza welcomed me; the cool fountains beckoned me to rest near their dancing waters.

And when on visiting the catacombs of St. Callixtus and of St. Agnes, my flickering taper lighted up the graves of the heroic martyrs, then indeed a Rome that I had hungered for was here in all the glory of its antiquity.

It has been said that one finds in life exactly what he puts into it, and so the traveler to Rome who has studied and read for many months before setting out on his journey gets more from his visit than a tourist who attempts to "do" the Eternal City in three days.

I saw these tourists dashing through Rome in fast motor cars with guides pointing out to them the monuments and historic buildings, hurrying them through galleries and permitting but a glance at masterpieces of art—the finest in the world. There is so much to see that their schedule is iron-bound, so they must away before they had visited even a hundredth part of the treasures of Rome.

They do not get the "feeling" of Rome, that intangible something that saturated me when I returned again and again to some glorious view, to some marvelous painting, to some moss-covered ruin. Rome wove her spell over

my heart and I felt that she was a dear and intimate friend of whose company I would never tire.

An audience with the Holy Father is one of the high lights of a trip to Rome, and if attendance at the Mass celebrated by Pius XI is added to this, then indeed is the visit memorable.

I was in Rome a few weeks before I received the precious card announcing that the Holy Father would receive me in audience at a quarter to six on an April afternoon. I went to the Vatican a good half hour before the time, and presented my ticket to the Swiss guard. Then I began the ascent of the marble stairs to the Hall of Audience. At the third flight I was stopped before two glass doors leading out to a square court. Suddenly the soldiers on guard dropped to their knees and raised their hands in salute. A small carriage rattled over the pavement. The Pope was passing on his way to the audience! Reverent silence for a moment, then the doors were opened and I passed through. Up more steps until I reached a room where coats and hats were checked. I was ushered into the Hall of Audience. This room, beautifully frescoed, has very large windows opening out on to the court. These were flung wide and the lovely afternoon breeze floated in and added to the happiness of the occasion.

Chamberlains, in gorgeous scarlet uniforms, passed to and fro. We were seated on either side of the room—the men in full dress, the ladies in black gowns with veiled heads and ungloved hands. Finally two court officials went about scrutinizing the dress of the ladies and admonishing one if her veil was not arranged in a decorous fashion, or if the opening at the neck of her dress was a bit too extreme. Two officers in wonderful uniforms, with steel helmets and clanking silver swords, trod past. Then we knew the Pope was about to appear.

A few seconds later a door opened. "There he is!" was whispered. Looking eagerly I saw the Holy Father and fell on my knees. His Holiness was in white with the exception of his scarlet shoes. He was escorted by four or five

Monsignori in purple soutanes. His personal servant followed, carrying his scarlet cap and coat. As he passed down the room he extended his hand to each one, who kissed it reverently. Leaving he turned and gave us a general blessing.

It is difficult to describe the emotions that stirred my heart as I looked into the gentle face of Pius XI. His sweet smile, his calm eyes, his loving kindness to all, these are precious memories that time can never efface.

A week later I assisted at the Mass of the Holy Father in the chapel of the Benediction. I reached the Vatican at half past six, as my invitation said that the Mass would be at a quarter after seven. I ascended the Royal Staircase designed by Michelangelo. This consists of four flights of marble steps adorned with a double row of Ionic columns. Reaching the large and beautifully frescoed hall, I took my place near the altar, where I had a full view of the ceremonies. There were groups of American, Spanish, and Irish pilgrims, and before and after the Mass each sang hymns of its own country.

The altar was exquisite in its simple adornment of white and yellow satin and six golden candlesticks. Cardinal Bourne of London, and six visiting Archbishops occupied places in the sacristy. At a quarter to eight the guards presented arms, and the Holy Father came slowly down the long and wide aisle escorted by soldiery and Monsignori, raising his hand in blessing. There were cries of "Viva il Papa!"—"Viva il Re!" and a loud and continuous clapping of hands. He knelt for a few moments before beginning the Mass. During the Mass there was perfect silence, a reverent awe was over all. At its conclusion the Pope gave a solemn benediction.

If I was thrilled at the audience, I was inexpressibly moved on this solemn and touching occasion. As the Holy Father left the chapel emotion again broke loose, and shouts of unrestrained joy were heard: "Viva il Papa!" "Viva il Re!"

Tears fell from many eyes, happy tears, because to us who had come from so great a distance had been given this exceptional privilege. I will always remember the extreme sweetness and gentleness of the Holy Father, and forever

will echo in my ears those fervent cries of love and loyalty.

The churches of Rome are, generally speaking, of great interest and beauty, and my recollections center about the four great Basilicas of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John Lateran, and St. Mary Major. After I had finished my Jubilee visits I returned to them again and again, growing constantly into greater intimacy with them, until at last I realized in some small measure their exceeding splendor and loveliness.

The people of Rome are very kind and have a simplicity which is quite charming. The babies with their dark curls and lovely eyes tumbling about the crooked streets won me completely. Altogether, Rome made of me a more than willing captive, and tangled herself among my heartstrings until I felt as if the Eternal City were more my home than the land where I was born. But not quite. On a glorious May morning I saw the Stars and Stripes proudly carried by a pilgrimage from New York across the Piazza of St. Peter into the great Basilica.

Deeply thrilled at the sight of my country's flag waving so bravely in the soft breeze, I realized that after all there is no place in the world like home, and felt especially fortunate in being able to call San Francisco by that dear name.

Fantasy

MARY WINDEATT

And even if I do not live,
The twilight shades will fall,
The crocus house the weary bee,
The ivy clasp the wall.

Essentially the place will be
What it has always been—
The sweet peas poised for instant flight,
The poplar tree as green.

Except that where the roses grow
At eventide I'll walk,
A wistful ghost, to spy on you,
Behind the hollyhock,

To catch the light in your dear eyes,
To see your golden hair—
Oh! things will be about the same
With you and me both there...

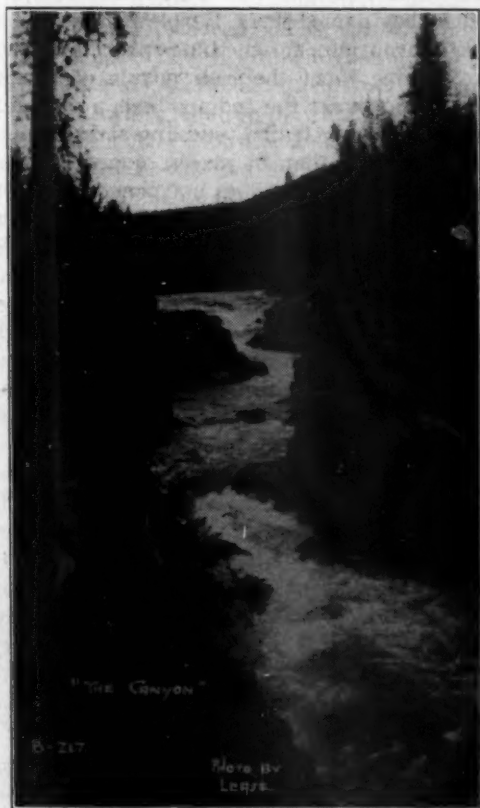
Visitin' Round the Black Hills

KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH

IF you would visualize the delightful Black Hills of South Dakota, come with me for a leisurely jaunt to some of the places which people have begun to enjoy in the last decade. It is only recently that Paha Sapa, as the Indians called these Hills of Black, have been recognized for scenic beauty. Nearly a hundred thousand tourists visited these Hills last summer and that was double the traffic of the year before. It is within the memory of some persons when the white men travelled days and nights in lumbering stage coaches to reach these low mountains. If they penetrated the Hills and came out with lives and valuables, they were fortunate. Disputes were usually decided by bullets. To-day, railroads and excellent highways reach the Hills and stability has succeeded lawlessness. There are several up-to-date towns. A thousand miles from Chicago these picturesque Hills lie in the extreme western edge of South Dakota and touch Wyoming. It is a day and a night ride by train across the corn belt to reach them.

Who first discovered the Black Hills? Though they are the highest mountains east of the Rockies in our country, no one knows who first saw these rugged, mighty crests. It is known that Verendrye, the French explorer wrote of them in 1743. Lewis and Clark saw them on their famous expedition, and the American Fur Company sent a body of men to them. At length the government sent exploring parties and they came into prominence when General Custer in 1874 made a military reconnaissance to discover their availability for a military post and to ascertain their resources. A hectic rush for gold soon followed in spite of the fact that no white people were permitted by Government to enter and locate or search for gold until after a treaty had been lawfully negotiated with the Indians. The first expedition to break through was the famous Gordon Stockade party composed of twenty-six men, one boy, and one lone woman, wife of one of the men and mother of the boy. With oxen and

covered wagons they left Sioux City, Iowa, and began a trek filled with adventure, hardships, romance, and heroism. When they arrived in the Hills, they built a stockade and named it after their leader. The number of arrests by Government troops and the admirable spirit of these pioneers has made the story of the Gordon Stockade come down in history. Mrs. Annie Tallent, the one white woman with them, lived many years in the Hills and, as she was a woman of worth and education, she wrote a history of the country. A monument has been erected to her memory by the Black Hills Pioneer Association.



LIMPID STREAMS TUMBLE DOWN THE CANYONS



A HIGHWAY OVER THE HILLTOPS

The Sioux Indians held the Hills sacred, and though they named them, Purple Hills would be more appropriate, for the blue spruce and grey granite give them the rich purple of a wild plum. No wonder the Indians bade a sad farewell to the shady trails, tumbling streams, and silent sentinels that in places guard canyon depths where the sun does not penetrate. The railroad came, and now improved highways circle the Hills winding in and out among the mountains and leading to pleasant camping grounds. You will be attracted by, and wonder at, the geological interest of these mountains, for no less than ten geological periods are exposed in outcrops, the deep canyons showing one formation after another. Here are immense beds of gypsum, marble, tin, gold, lead, mica, and tungsten. No wonder the Hills have been called "the richest hundred miles in America." Much of this you see as you go through the heart of the Black Hills, for there are no vast distances except the views from mountain peaks and divides. Silent, majestic, and awe-inspiring, these mountains challenge the admiration of mankind. They are abrupt above the surrounding plains and look down on them.

The dozen or so highest mountains vary from 4000 to 7242 feet. Harney Peak, named after General Harney, is the highest. It was discovered in 1855 by Lieut. Warren. Thousands

of persons now climb it annually, but it was not until 1874 that it was first scaled, when General Custer with aides reached the top. They left a record hidden in a crevasse of the rocks. Nestling at the foot of this high mountain is one of the scenic curiosities of the Hills, a series of great stone spires like needles which rise side by side toward the heavens. A highway, called "the

Needles Highway," famous for beauty and construction, reaches these tall "Needles," or as they are sometimes called, "Cathedral Spires." All parts of the valleys are delightful but the trout streams are especially alluring. Some are hidden in virgin forests reached by detours from the main highways, for once in the Hills you find everywhere a wealth of scenic beauty in mountain, plain, and woodland. Within a mile of sea level nestles Sylvan Lake, calm and serene, and guarded by huge granite boulders. Mirrorlike reflections of surrounding crags increase the beauty of the waters.

Let no one think the Black Hills are an out-of-the-way spot. These Hills, which ought to be called "Purple Hills," because of the color given by their fir trees, are the most accessible mountain playground of the Middle West. In the midst of their beauty lies Custer State Park, the largest State Park in America. Originally set aside for a game reserve, where buffalo, antelope, and elk could range and streams be stocked with fish, it later was enlarged by the addition of Sylvan Lake and Harney Peak and it now comprises 90,000 acres. Senator Norbeck has been much interested in this park and it was during his term as Governor that the State Game Preserve was enlarged. To-day, it is an ideal recreation spot, and a home for fast disappearing wild animal

life. The present State Game Lodge is the second, for the first was burned. It is a spacious building on a foundation of huge boulders. There are many fireplaces and on the walls hang trophies of the chase. A lawn slopes gently to a highway, parts of which were blocked out of the solid rock of mountain tops and from which fine views are obtained. The Lodge is about a dozen miles from the nearest railroad towns, which are connected by the highways, while another road goes through the mountains to Wind Cave. Nature used a lavish hand in decorating the interiors of the interesting caves in the Black Hills. The most celebrated is Wind Cave now in a National Park. It was discovered in 1881 and has been explored several miles. Many persons visit it and the Jewel Cave National Monument twelve miles from Custer. This last contains two caves, both with alternating currents of air rushing in and out.

As if to prove that the Black Hills are one of the few places in the West where the old, still survive as a close neighbor to modern, times, the rodeo and round-up still flourish in their native habitat in some of the neighboring towns. Every summer Belle Fourche has cowboy events. There are three days of Indian war dances, buck races, wild horse races, ladies' bronco riding, cowboy rescues, etc. It is a remnant of the old West vivid, colorful, and dear to the heart of the old prospector. All "Old Hillers" are loyal to the region. A few years ago the "Black Hills Pioneer Association" was formed. Many of its leaders are now gone. An ardent member was Capt. Seth Bullock, who was federal marshal for South Dakota under the Roosevelt administration. The pioneers were sturdy ranchers, miners, and range riders, and held many memories of the days when Theodore Roosevelt

was their neighbor on his ranch at Medora. One of the Hills near Deadwood was called "Round Top" or "Sheep Mountain." The pioneers obtained from Washington authority to change the name to Mount Roosevelt. This was done with much ceremony and at the same time a round stone tower was erected on the summit and dedicated to Roosevelt. The monument consists of a high stone tower with stately steps leading to it. On the base are two tablets. One bears resolutions of respect and love and the other reads "In Memory of Theodore Roosevelt 'The American'."

If you wish to see the outstanding work going on in the Black Hills, you will stand on some elevation and look toward Mt. Rushmore, which though not so high as Mt. Harney, has been selected by the noted sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, as the best mountain in the Harney Range on which to carve gigantic heads of four presidents, namely, Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. The carving is now being done. The head of Washington was dedicated July 4, 1929. Rushmore is a great lump of granite, the top of which is 5,800 feet above sea level. There is a sheer precipice on its front of about five hundred feet and the memorial will be on this southernly side. Washington and Lincoln will stand side by side in the front center and equally prominent Jeffer-



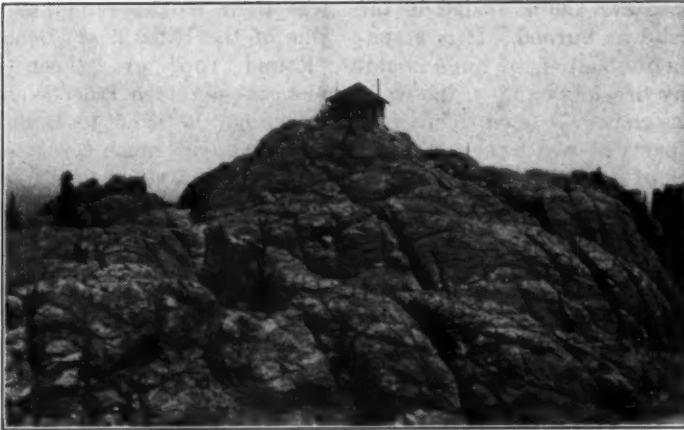
HAIRPIN TURN ON NEEDLES HIGHWAY

son will be at

Washington's right and Roosevelt at Lincoln's left. The four figures are scaled to the proportions of men 465 feet high. A single face will be sixty feet high and about forty feet wide. The figures all shade into the precipice at about

the waist line and the top of the waist line and the top of the mountain will be cut away back of the heads so they will stand upon the sky line in the finished work. The creation of the statuary is an interesting work. No powder is used but the work is done with jack hammers operated with compressed air. The first figure is the most difficult and expensive for the rock must be cut away on both sides. The artist planned to devote one year each to the carving of these heads. On the southwest exposure will be an entablature 80 feet wide and 120 feet high upon which will be deeply incised the history of the founding and the territorial expansion of the United States. As the memorial is in Mt. Harney National Forest, it is several miles from patented land and under the control of the Custer State Park board. Mt. Rushmore, which has stood undaunted through countless centuries, will thus bear a memorial which will endure to the remote future. A new highway runs directly across the top of a nearby smaller mountain and from this can be obtained a good view of the work on Rushmore.

An entirely different sort of monument tops Mt. Harney. It lacks the artistic but is of great practical importance to the Black Hills region. This is the Forest Rangers Lookout. When forest fires become devastating to the trees of the Hills and the danger from these fires imperils men's lives, the ranger can from this highest part of the Hills use his telescope and signal to various outlooks in other sections.



NATIONAL FOREST LOOKOUT STATION ON HARNEY PEAK

Every one who has been to the Black Hills is delighted with them. They make pilgrimages to this Lookout, they see the beauties of Sylvan Lake, and the Needles, they argue over some excavations near Rapid City, where sanguine scholars think there

is a prehistoric city, they visit the caves, the Borglum carvings, and Spearfish Canyon, where are many log cabins and men fish for trout in the tumbling, little stream. The Rockies of the Colorado have long been a lodestone but the Black Hills of South Dakota have at last become appreciated. The pioneers took all this beauty for granted, for they were searchers for gold. To-day we know that this region holds the eternal youth of the West, typified in a great natural park, one of the largest playgrounds in America.

He is wise who makes every possible use of God's sacramental nearness.

My Hope

EDWARD J. LAVELL

Seest thou yon lonely, silent tomb,
Where flowers bloom and children play?
I see, but ah, I have my hope
Not there, but far, far, far away!

Seest thou yon cloud of azure hue
On heaven's fair bosom sport and play?
I see, but ah, I have my hope
Not there, but far, far, far away!

Seest thou yon dome of silent sky,
Where sparkle stars of silver ray?
I see, but ah, I have my hope
Not there, but far, far, far away!

Nor mossy tomb nor cloud nor star,
My soul from Higher Love can stay,
For while God lives I have my hope
Not there, but far, far, far away!

Leaven

EMMA E. TOMLINSON

THE Matson oil lease with its old tumble-down farmhouse was ten miles from anywhere. Before it was a hill, behind it a treacherous ravine, and beyond the ravine, another hill.

But to the widow, Monica Malone, and her two strapping sons, Danny and Michael, dilapidation and loneliness meant nothing. It was home.

The clock in the white-curtained kitchen struck six.

At the sound, the widow, who had been reading, forgetful of the time, started to her feet and began bustling about to prepare supper. And as she worked, she wondered why Danny didn't come. Usually he came before Michael, for he pumped the wells on the Matson lease and Michael drilled on the Alder place a good two miles away.

She smiled indulgently as she thought of her boys. Danny was more like herself, was Danny—dependable. Michael was like his father, God rest his soul—here, there, everywhere, and never on time.

She went to the back door. The chill of fall was in the air and she threw her apron about her shoulders.

The clock struck seven.

She saw Michael lurching toward the house. He had been drinking again. As he reached the low doorstep, she stooped and caught his arm.

"Come in here, Michael! Where do you get it?"

He laughed foolishly.

"Sh! That's a secret. Can't remember. Late—couldn't help it. Trouble with well—new one—on—on—Matson lease."

"You're drilling the Alder lease, Michael. You're that befuddled! Where's Danny?"

"Don't know. Don't know—anything—"

His mother sighed, clutched his unresisting arm and guided him stumbling into his bedroom.

Purple dusk settled over the valley.

Monica Malone fumbled for a match, lighted the oil lamp and sat down to wait for Danny. Eight o'clock struck and nine.

There was no sound in the little farmhouse but Michael's drunken snoring and the arguing and singing of the crickets and katydids under the windows.

The clock struck ten—eleven—twelve.

Then through the silence she heard the heavy steps of men on the cinder path.

She sprang to her feet, but before she could reach the door, it opened and four men came into the room—a stranger, the revenue man, Morris Ross, Thomas Trant's partner on the Matson lease, and behind them, Danny, handcuffed to a brawny State policeman.

The officer spoke.

"Madame, are you this man's mother?"—indicating Danny by a jerk of his thumb.

"I am that."

"Well, he asked us to bring him to you to say good-bye."

"Good-bye?" The widow's voice broke. "Danny, what did they take you for?"

The officer answered.

"For bootlegging and murder. We found a still down in the ravine, Thomas Trant dead, his head beaten to a pulp, and your son standing beside the body with this in his hand."

He held out a blood-stained wrench.

Monica Malone shivered and covered her face with her apron. But only for a minute, then dropping it, she went to her son and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Danny, dear, your mother loves you and knows you never did what the man says. But, be after telling me you didn't."

As she talked, her hands crept from his shoulders to the top of his bent head and slowly down over his unruly black hair. Her eyes never left his.

"Mother—I can't—ever be telling you—that."

She gripped his shoulders tighter.

* * * * *

"Good-bye, Danny—God save you! Your mother knows you didn't do it."

"Sorry, Mam, but we've got to go."

The officer took her hands gently from her son's shoulders.

But Danny said nothing, just walked quietly on, his eyes shining, his lips slightly parted.

And the Revenue Man, chancing to look back as they went, marvelled. He had never seen a man go as serenely to his judgment and an almost certain death.

* * * * *

Before the week was out, Morris Ross sent to M— for some of the comforts from his town apartment, and intrenched himself in Danny's deserted shack. And before another week drew to a close, he found himself restless and miserable in the hill-pocket alone with his thoughts and the dreams begotten of thinking.

Late one evening as he sat before the fire, he fell asleep. He was no longer in the pumper's shack but in the university chapel, a freshman—young, eager, with untarnished life and faith. He heard the chanting of the priest—the sharp, sweet reminder of the Sanctus bell. Hidden somewhere in the ivy near an open window, a bird chirped. It was summer. A soft warm breeze stirred his hair. How good it was to be alive—

The ill-set windows rattled in their casings. Gusts of sleet struck sharply on the glass.

Ross woke shivering and straightened in his chair.

Dreams were damnable things—not easily shaken off—at least his weren't. How long was it since he had felt that it was good to be alive? An eternity!

He bent forward and spread his thin hands close to the ruddy glow of the wood fire. But as he looked at them he gave a stifled exclamation of horror, drew them back and thrust them deep into his pockets.

* * * * *

It was perhaps a month after Danny was taken, that Monica Malone watched Father Fogarty go down the cinder path and across the clearing, where his horse was nibbling remnants of summer greens.

Huge-bodied, honest-hearted, blunt-tongued, the old priest was loved by his people. Not an

older woman among them, seeing his left hand with a gap where a finger should have been, but murmured a "God bless him!" as he passed. For the gap bore witness to the sacrifice he had made the last bitter winter, when he trudged a good five miles up the valley to the sick bed of forsaken old Annie Murphy.

His heart ached for the widow, and while he too believed Danny guilty of neither crime, he saw no chance of his escape. The boy seemed determined to go mute to his death. He was troubled too about Michael, for Michael, always a silent lad, now seemed to have withdrawn beyond approach. Whether he was worrying over his brother, or whether he knew more of that night's evil doings than was good to know, the priest could not find out.

He called the mare and she whinnied and came. Running his hand gently down her white nose, he held open the pocket of his coat with the other, and let her nuzzle for the sugar he always carried. Then, putting his foot in the stirrup, he climbed heavily into the saddle, flicked the reins and turned her in the direction of the pumper's shack on the Matson lease.

As he rode, he thought of Morris Ross. Try as he might, he had never been able to feel that he really liked the man. Somehow, he always thought of Mona Lisa's face. There was that same inscrutable suavity, the secretive smile, and a certain effeminacy that enhanced the likeness. The priest was ashamed, not only of the repulsion he felt for Ross, but of the fact that he had never stopped in to see him. So, he dismounted before the shack, tied his horse to a rough post and knocked at the door.

Ross opened it, and seeing his guest, threw it wide.

The priest entered, his broad black hat under his arm.

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Ross. You've a cozy bit of a place here."

His exploring eyes fell upon the crude shelves built on either side of the fireplace, and he drew closer to look at the books.

"Well, well now, 'tis a lot of friends you have to be bearing you company on the lonesome winter evenings."

He took a book from the shelf, put it back; took another and another—Nietzsche, Voltaire, and an unexpurgated edition of *Arabian*

Nights. And each he put carefully back in its place.

Ross watched him, a flickering smile playing about his lips. The priest looked up to see it vanish, and then remembered that he had never heard Ross laugh. He had never quite trusted men who didn't laugh.

Pointing to the books, he said,

"Aye, yes, 'tis indeed a grand collection—but—I'm after wondering if 'twould be fine cheerful company altogether when the wind howls down the chimney?"

Ross smiled again, faintly.

"Maybe yes, maybe no. A matter of taste and of mood, Father."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so."

The old man sat down before the fire, stretched his hands towards it and rubbed them slowly, around and around.

Ross crossed the room and returned, an open cigar box in his hand.

"Have a cigar, Father?"

"No, thank you kindly, but if you'll not be minding, I'll puff away at my pipe."

"Certainly not. I'll smoke mine with you. Do you know, I have never had the pleasure of a visit from you before—?"

His voice trailed off into a question. There was no evading it.

"Well, you see, Mr. Ross, my parish is that scattered, this way and that, up the hills and down the hills, and over them too—and I don't visit my own as I should—" He was embarrassed and felt for his words. "And then—well, I've been that worried about that poor lad, Danny Malone."

Ross coughed and removed his pipe, his eyes on the priest.

"Naturally, you would be. Terrible, wasn't it? What a blow for his mother—a heart-breaking disappointment."

"Oh, Mr. Ross, you're wrong entirely. Monica Malone isn't disappointed in her lad, though she's after breaking her mother-heart over him. She knows too he isn't guilty."

"After all, Father, his innocence is something that must be proved."

Ross's voice was cold.

"Yes, yes, of course—but sometimes the law's a long lane—with no turning."

Ross moved uneasily in his chair.

The priest pulled himself to his feet, the bowl of his pipe in his hand, and going to the window, pointed the stem toward the east.

"Just over there—wasn't it now, that Thomas Trant was murdered? Ugly word, that—'murdered'!"

"Yes, I believe it was."

Ross spoke shortly and did not rise from his chair.

The priest rambled on.

"Sure, it was a terrible thing, a terrible thing to die like that—unshriven. The poor man! May God have mercy on his soul!"

"It must be a terrible thing, Father, to die—outside the door."

Something in his voice, his words, the sound of his pipe striking sharply on the edge of the brass ash receiver, startled the priest and he turned from the window and looked at Ross, who was sitting with his head in his hands. The old man felt sorry for him. It came into his mind that the man was unusually thin, even for him, with a thinness born not of physical starvation, but of a gnawing mental distress.

"Sure, Mr. Ross, I'm sorry, but I'm thinking so much about Danny, that I'm apt to be selfish." He hesitated a moment, fingering his little brown pipe. "What did you mean, Mr. Ross, when you said something about dying 'outside the door'?"

Ross reached for his pipe, struck a match and relighted it.

"Perhaps much, perhaps little, Father. Life at best is a tangled mesh. Men, yes, and women too, often lose their way, like children following a firefly in the dark. And often they die, as Thomas Trant died—outside the door." He hesitated. "Trant was a Catholic, Father."

The old priest started and looked searchingly at Ross.

"Too bad—too bad, Mr. Ross. If only I had known—it might have been different. Perhaps he might have come to confession—to Mass—found peace. I'm after thinking, Mr. Ross, as I say this, that that dark thing, whatever it was, the sin that really caused his death, would have feared the white light and hid itself from his finding. The poor man! May God indeed have mercy on his soul!"

Ross said nothing; just twisted his pipe in his fingers, his eyes lowered.

"Mr. Ross, meaning no rudeness to you, I've been thinking somehow, that in all of them—" he waved his pipe stem to and fro from one bookshelf to the other—"a body'd not find much of comfort if he'd be in Danny Malone's shoes this night."

The old man thumbed down the ashes in his pipe and thrust it into his bulging coat pocket among the lumps of sugar.

"Well, I'll be going, Mr. Ross. Forgive an old man's chattering. It's been fine indeed to sit by your fire. Good-bye—good-bye—" he raised his hand—"God bless you!"

Ross rose and followed him to the door. His face was very white and still.

"Thank you, Father—I—I—shall need it."

He stood in the doorway, his hand on the lintel, until the old priest's broad black bulk had jogged out of sight among the trees beyond the clearing.

Then, he turned, his head bent, and went into the shack.

* * * * *

The District Attorney had barely read the morning mail, when, without announcement, the door opened and Morris Ross came into the office.

"Well, Mr. Ross?"

The District Attorney's voice was crisp with annoyance.

"Good morning, Sir."

Ross walked toward the low, wide desk, his hat in his hand.

The secretary and a friend-in-the-law watched him curiously.

The District Attorney nodded curtly and pointed to a chair.

"Be seated."

Ross laid his hat on the desk and sat down opposite the three men. His face was pallid, his lips livid, but when he spoke, his voice was controlled.

"I killed Thomas Trant on the Matson lease, three months ago."

"What!"

The District Attorney came to his feet, his hands on the desk, and then, his fingers still gripping the edge, sat down.

"Yes."

"So you are the murderer of Thomas Trant."

"I am."

"Then this accounts for Danny Malone's refusal to talk—trying to save you, eh?"

"Danny Malone was not trying to save me. Shortly after I came up here, I fell in with Trant. It wasn't long before we quarrelled over money. He threatened to get me. He didn't. I got him—crushed in his head with a wrench."

Ross swayed in his chair; beads of perspiration edged his lips.

"Well?"

The District Attorney's voice was a goad.

"Gentlemen—may I have a glass of water?"

The secretary brought it. He drank it slowly and set the glass down on the blotter.

"Sorry to trouble you. The rest of the way will be easier for me—swift—certain, and, please God, through an—open door."

As he said the last words, his eyes stared, oddly expectant, above and beyond the men who faced him so tensely on the opposite side of the desk.

The District Attorney cleared his throat and broke the silence.

"Of course, I don't know what you mean about a door, Ross, but from what you've just said, I take it that you fully understand that by this confession you are signing your own death warrant?"

"I do."

Ross's lips were firm and his eyes steady as he looked at the District Attorney. It was evident to those who watched, that he had drawn on some hidden reserve for strength.

"Very well, then," said the District Attorney, "proceed."

"Danny Malone has a brother, Michael, not exactly stupid, but still not overbright, the slow, sneaking sort, never really harmful, in fact, sometimes helpful if directed. Danny always 'stood the gaff' for Michael from little up, which accounts for his sacrifice now."

Trant and I ran a still about a quarter of a mile from the pumper's shack, down in the ravine. We found Michael useful in many ways, only he never used what sense he had about liquor.

That night, just after I had killed Trant, I turned to see Michael lurching toward us. He was drunk and stood there looking down at Trant and laughing like a lunatic. I pushed the bloody wrench into his hands and left him

there. He was too drunk to follow me. Then I went to the pumper's shack, for I knew that Danny had gone to M— about some well repairs and couldn't get back before eleven o'clock. So I washed the blood from my hands and sat down by the window to wait.

"I didn't wait long. Things happened as I hadn't figured they would. Danny Malone came on a run toward the ravine. What took him there, I couldn't think, unless he had heard of the still and that revenue men were coming. He knew Michael drank, and I thought he might be coming to warn him.

"Of course, as soon as he saw how things were, he snatched the wrench from Michael, said something to him, shook him by the shoulders and pushed him off toward home. Then he held the wrench and stood beside the body. It was none too soon, for lights already flickered through the woods.

"It might have been half after eleven when they took Danny.

"I believe, gentlemen, that is all."

"Not quite, Ross."

The District Attorney's voice was husky.

"Will you tell us just what brought you to the point of making this confession?"

"I can try. I was not a hardened criminal at the time I killed Trant. That may account in a measure for my suffering. I was haunted day and night by the ticking of the deathwatch for Danny Malone, going so willingly to martyrdom, and the last blasphemous cry of the man I sent crashing into eternity in his sin.

"And then—yesterday—he came, an old man, shabby, a priest. I saw life once more through honest eyes and simple faith. Courage came. I accepted the only way to—that open door. Before he left, he gave me his blessing. Until an hour ago he little knew the greatness of my need."

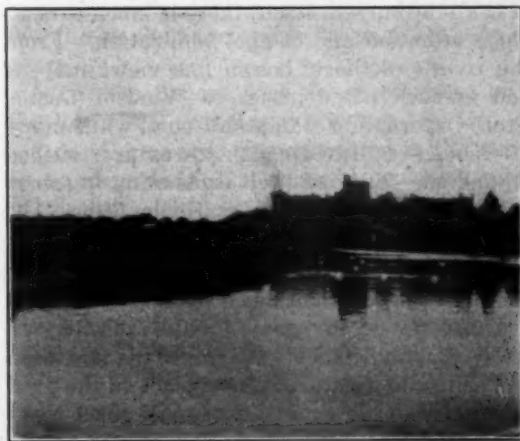
England's Loveliest River

GRACE IRENE CARROLL

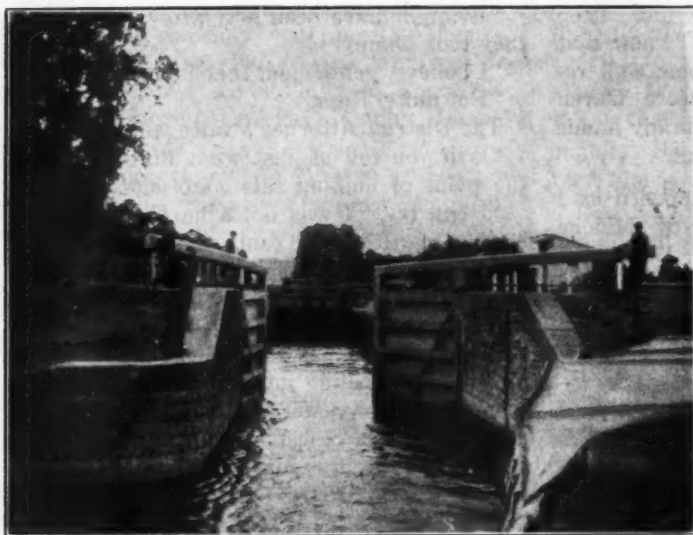
WHILE you are in England, be sure to have a day on the Thames," one of my travel-wise friends advised me as I was starting for Europe. And now, having had it, I whole-heartedly echo that same advice to others. Memory of the charm and beauty of this loveliest little river in the world clings like the dust of a butterfly's wing long after the butterfly itself has perished.

The loveliest little river in the world! Yes, since this tranquil ribbon of water flows through some of the most enchanting pastoral scenery of rural England. Whether one follows its placid meanderings up stream or down, the manifold beauties of the Thames are everywhere in evidence, never twice alike. Seen in the opalescent tints of early morning, with every silvery-grey meadow or purplish-brown hamlet, even the river itself, blurred and half-effaced by mist, each bend and twist of the pretty waterway nevertheless seems strikingly lovely; and even lovelier still does it become under the full light of the English morning sun. Yet viewed again as one returns down

stream in the reposeful quiet of on-coming evening, the western sky awash in the crimson of a slowly-lowering sun, the same spots become placid pictures of wondrous peace and tranquillity, and take on the glamor of enchantment. At all seasons of the year, under every



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE THAMES



FREQUENT LOCKS ARE ENCOUNTERED

condition of light and atmosphere, from every point of view, the Thames River is always indescribably lovely.

To enjoy this loveliness to the full, no better way can be found than to patronize one of the many little excursion steamers which busily ply the river in both directions. A day aboard one of them is a dream, a divine idyl, a thing of complete and utter rest and relaxation, a continuous moving-picture of sunny-green meadows, umbrageous trees, pretty bridges, and shady hamlets. As the quiet little boat sinuates with the stream, moving scarcely faster than the current itself, there is much to challenge attention and compel admiration. From the river's plethoric bosom fine views may be had of such noted places as Windsor Castle, Eton, Oxford, and Hampton Court, while many oft-spoken-of little English towns are touched at, and one finds one's self exclaiming in a tone of recognition, "So! this is Henley!" or "Ah! Maidenhead!"

Perhaps it is just a few huddled housetops, sun-browned and sentineled by tidy trees, that provoke notice, or some quaint old church tower sharply silhouetted against the sky, each of them falling naturally into place in the level perspective with a pleasing note of rural peace and harmony. Again, it is a cluster of towering poplars growing close to the gleaming

water's edge, struggling with fine dignity to overtop all other trees near by, and flinging their spired shade from high up across the mimic bluffs of the fat grassy shore. Or, perhaps, as one glides on between lush sun-drenched meadows where poppies flaunt their vivid red and buttercups and daisies move, it is just the whitish patches that are sheep, browsing in utter peace throughout the long sunny hours, which win our notice. Pleasant little villas secrete themselves behind ivy-covered garden walls—walls that shut in velvety, flower-bordered lawns, extending to the very brink of the brimming stream itself—and are comple-

mented by tiny boathouses, suggestive of long, lazy hours on the placid river with oars idly dipping below its limpid surface. And everywhere one finds flowers, their colors intense and their foliage luxuriant, for flowers in England quite evidently grow and blossom merely because they are eager to do so; while the English ivy, so omnipresent, looks as though diligent fairies had been at work polishing each and every glossy leaf. Swans frequently add an idyllic note to the picture, loitering idly in the green gloom of the lush grasses or paddling tranquilly beneath the knots of leafy bosage overhanging the dreamy lymph, faltering between rest and motion, and starting soft still ripples, the crest of which catch the sunlight as they travel outward and trace golden circles on the pellucid turquoise. Occasionally broad marshes of mottled green, bronze, rose, and amber stretch away on both sides of the boat, and over them the cloud-shadows chase and run away like fingers on a keyboard.

Now and then the boat drifts beneath the graceful arches of a fine stone bridge spanning the river and connecting the low-lying green fields on either side at a point where some tiny village nestles. And there are frequent locks, dominated by a keeper's stone-built little cottage, its doorway-garden invariably a huge

(Continued on page 23)

Letters to Barbara

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

LETTER NUMBER EIGHT

Sofia, N. M.,

Oct. 11, 1927.

BARBARA dear:

I am calmer now. The Señora says Paz is in heaven, and will be retarded in his happiness if I sorrow.

My telegrams did not convey much to you. Paz died of smallpox. Before the wedding dance was finished he was in his bed, delirious.

The Señora, in her old-world charity, took in the lone stranger who had the disease. Her village came down with it. Her son died of it. She is a wonderful woman. *Spiritual.*

Sorrow makes another person out of me. I see the blue skies as ashen gray; the range that was once sun-flooded, I cannot see for the mist in my eyes. Even the red manzanita berries have lost their brightness.

I am teaching school again. Why live idle because Paz had money? In work I can find happiness eventually.

This village is three hundred years behind what we were reared to. Might it be God guided me here, gave me Paz, claimed him, that I might find myself?

The Señora is not old—fifty-five. She is very capable. She understands her people; knows how to run her village. My place is in the schoolroom.

I teach Ninth Grade after school—but as I dismiss school at two o'clock, the day is not longer than a day in your school.

Marie de Rocha, is my only Ninth Grade pupil. She is sixteen and when she finishes she will enter Miners' Hospital in Raton.

With another teacher I could do much! Fit the children to enter senior high schools, hospitals, and offices. I teach them filing, typing, and bookkeeping.

The Señora is willing to finance another teacher. Will you come? Let me know.

* * * * *

I never saw anything like Paz's funeral. He

was well known, having been born here; attended the Brothers' school in Santa Fe, and later served in the State House there.

Four hundred people were fed the first day he lay in state in Amato chapel!

Prayers were recited at the beginning of each hour. No one was in haste. Time—that is all we have in New Mexico.

The Brothers came from St. Michael's College—Paz finished there; the Governor and other state officials.

Some came from inaccessible little all-Mexican villages, in the fastnesses of the hills.

Paz pushed open the door of eternity when the sun was dipping behind the Tripod Mountains. Against their snow-crowned turrets was an enchanting fairyland in rose, amber, gold. I watched the light die out of the world; the mist creep up like a silver shroud; heard the Señora's voice leading the Litany for the Dying.

His mother says I must not dwell on it. A wonderful woman, the Señora, taking life as it comes, without rebellion; without murmurs.

An old scamp, Don Miguel Arrita, called here a few days ago and proposed marriage to the Señora! She is so haughty one would never visualize a man having the crust to ask her! He really did not ask her. He told Father Lopez, and the ranch foreman, Enrico de Nizza.

What the Señora told the messengers only the Recording Angel may divulge.

Don Miguel, who was quartered in the guest house, departed. His holdings are mortgaged to the hilt. He has a large and improvident family—mostly far cousins, his mother-in-law's relatives, and every blind beggar who ever stopped at his gates.

I live again in my two-room house. It is better so. The Señora was wonderful; asked me to take my proper place—which I consider her place—and administer the affairs of the village. I like my little house. I live poor as St. Francis, and my people trust me.

Let me know if you are coming to teach with me.

Love,
Peggy.

LETTER NUMBER NINE

Little Sister:

It may be best for you to remain in Duluth. You know I consider your happiness, and if you feel you could not be happy here, you do well not to come.

I would not be happy elsewhere than in the desert. I love it when it lies dry, desolate, shimmering in the sunlight, or morning: when the cool freshness gives place to the merciless sun. Rippling heat waves waver across the glistening sands. The women, with water jars on their heads, come to the river—the Palo Blanco River—for water.

Two of the village girls went to Raton last week to do housework. The Señora and Enrico de Nizza took them. The Señora looks well to all under her care. Teresa Blanco and Alicia Cortez were the girls. They will be able to send at least one dollar a week home, and here in the desert that is riches!

While there the Señora met a woman who had taught in a convent school in Trinidad. Her name is Señorita Carmelita Trujilla, and she considers coming here, to teach.

After school yesterday afternoon I asked the Señora—whose name I have not yet told you: Marie Carmencita—to accompany me to the cabin of Philomena Morador, a widow, who lives in the Tripod Mountains, three miles from the village.

I thought she was about to refuse me. For a long minute she looked into the dark hills—dim and purple in the distance.

She took two linen sheets, two loaves of bread, a quart glass of jelly, and some stockings.

We walked. Philomena has tuberculosis. Three of her children, Paz, Juanita, and Lolita come to the village school.

They are desperately poor—practically nothing. No furniture. No firewood. An empty cupboard. Rags for covering. Straw piles for beds.

The Señora was deeply moved. Never have I heard this silent woman speak so much—with

the exception of the time she emptied her mind about the Americans!

She said she would send Philomena to the sanitarium in Silver City; the children would live at the *rancheria*; soon Philomena would be well.

We stood a moment at the crest of the hill before starting down. The valley was filled with a billowy sea of mist. The Señora spoke: "You are an adventurous young woman." I do not quite know how to take it.

The Señora sold, via Enrico de Nizza, her ranch foreman—whom she ever calls her *mayordomo*—three thousand dollars worth of wool—and the bins are yet overflowing. I wish you might see her wool bins. It seems to me, all the wool in the world is in them.

The Señora's relatives from Salona are visiting her. The El. Paso and Southwestern Railway passes through their acres, and you should hear the Donna Isabel fume! She is the Señora's aunt. Her full title is the Donna Isabel Lolita Marie Carmencita Pintada.

With her is her son, Royal Pintada, forty and single, as the Donna Isabel, some thirteen years ago broke up between him and Laura Ross, an American nurse, whom Royal was to marry.

In fact, while Royal was in Las Vegas, for the dispensation, the Donna Isabel caused Laura to disappear.

Where the girl went none know. Surmise is great. The villagers here say the Donna Isabel locked Laura in the east wing (which is the haunted wing) of the *hacienda* at Salona. An old Mexican woman guards her, feeds her, for the girl lost her reason and went mad entirely when the Donna told her she was not fit to come into the Pintada family.

The Donna is a worker—for a Spaniard. You should see her with her sleeves rolled up, in the big kitchen, stirring with a wooden spoon, great kettles of wild fruit.

She urges the servants to bring home more, and yet more wild pears, persimmons, and plums.

She speaks a most correct, clipped English, having gone to school in California, and made the journey with horses! She says to the Señora: "Carmencita, you are slow not to speak English. Didst forget what the good

nuns in Sante Fe taught thee?" Aside to me Aunt Isabel said: "I will shame her into speaking the language she should."

The kitchen—which is detached from the house—looks like a canning factory. Wagon after wagonload of fruit. But winter is long and the village is poor. Their entire livelihood, with few exceptions, is taken from the Señora.

These exceptions are three families, each of whom have a son riding for the Bar 8 Cattle Company. These boys earn forty dollars a month and board. They come home the day after pay day, each month, and give half their wages to their parents.

Twenty dollars every thirty days! So much money! It is difficult to think in such large figures.

These three families, Durangos, Castenados, and Lopezes—Father Lopez's parents—have catalogs from mail order houses, from which they purchase their supplies.

Trunks. Each member of the family has a trunk. That places these three families in a class by themselves. These trunks are not used to travel. If they decide to go traveling they walk over the hills, thirty, forty, or fifty miles, luggage light—a lunch and a blanket. A trunk? It is a sign of wealth, in which are kept a fan, a comb, the high heeled slippers and mantilla; the prayer book and the Confirmation card.

With this equipment the girl starts out. The boy starts on less.

You cannot imagine such poverty. It does no good to say people should not be in such a condition; they should be more thrifty. How can one be thrifty when from day's dawning they have seen nothing but poverty and want? They become accustomed to it and know no other way of living. Hemmed in by peaks that cut off an indefinite outside world, they live on in want.

There is no mothers' pension in New Mexico, consequently many widows live with their children, in a one-room cabin in the hills, depending on wood from the canyons, wild fruit, and the little garden they can nurse—and it is hard to wring a garden from the frowning desert. Generally they have a goat—the why of the goat I cannot understand.... Mayhap in time I will come out of this state of ignorance.

Goodnight, *Babara mia*, Peggy.

LETTER NUMBER TEN

Dearest:

Sunset and the clouds are painted golden. On the hills uncertain purple shadows show against the pink of the dying sun. I love the arid New Mexican desert; the forbidding mountain recesses that produce mirages of the mind. I see many things that exist only in imagination—all of which adds to the mystery and allurement of my state.

The other afternoon after school José Arriba, who is a herder on the far ranges for the Señora, burst into my school with the message a family were dying of hunger in the hills; their name was de Rocha; they were camped in El Rito Canyon.

When I asked him how to reach them he replied: "*Ir. La es.*" Which was: Go. That is all.

I went to the Señora. At mention of the name she showed emotion. "Mother of God, no," she said in Spanish. "It cannot be. It is not de Rocha." But immediately she controlled herself, summoned her housekeeper and Enrico de Nizza. They loaded a wagon with provisions, wood, blankets.

"We will take, Margarida," she said to me, "a load of supplies into the canyon." Which was not so simple as it sounds, as the trails into that canyon are so bad they put the fear of God into your heart.

She is an expert horsewoman. We drove over a long trail that wound up through cedar-scented hills, from which we took an unfrequented by-trail that hugged the mountain edge. A misstep and we would fall to our death. We met no one and had no mishaps.

Soon she was guiding the team across the open mesa, where there was no trail. The brown grass was crisp and dead. The wind was cold. We drove and drove. Came twilight beneath the star-dusted skies. Night—desert night, cool; a sky of pure velvet studded with scintillating diamonds.

We dipped into a valley, struck a trail, and kept on. No word spoke the Señora. She is a woman of few words.

We came to a deserted mining town. She stopped to feed the team. I sat visualizing this town: Thousands of miners with gold pan,

rocker, and sluice, wresting riches from the sands of this gulch; dance halls, vice; murder that went unpunished in the courts; men swinging in ghastly silhouette against the dawn.

"It was not so, Margarida," said the Señora. "This was a model mining camp."

She can read my mind!

Presently we came upon the *hacienda* of a don built in the yesteryears. Dogs set up a howl. Mexicans invariably keep a family of dogs.

In Spanish the Señora called. The door was thrown wide—I wish you could have seen that door: mortised—and a man's voice bade her enter.

Such poverty I never encountered. Straw and buffalo grass heaps were their beds. There were many people—mayhap twenty-five. All were related. All curtsied to the Señora—all save one: a lean, dark man, who looked so much like Paz that my heart pounded loudly.

The Señora went over to him and threw her arms about him; crooned to him, petted him. She cried over him. He knew her not, nor seemed concerned.

"Vincent, my boy," she said in soft Spanish, "I am thy mother. The wicked mother who cast thee from home."

Came to me then the story of Vincent, her eldest child. Fourteen years ago she disowned him for marrying Lucia de Rocha, daughter of a herder.

Penniless, what could Vincent Amato do? The de Rochas took him with them. Like a band of gipsies they roamed through the hills, stopping in deserted mining camps, lonely cabins in the fastness of the hills; working in cities, on ranches—anywhere the men found work.

A nomadic life. Too hard for Vincent. He had been gently reared and the awful hardships he endured were too much for him. HE KNOWS NO ONE. His mind is blank. Doctors told the Señora he was incurable. She committed him to a hospital—at home we call them "State Hospitals" and only the insane are inmates.

The Señora brought them all to Sofia. Lucia and her two children, Vincent and Paz, live

with the Señora. The others are in the herders' houses.

Miss Trujilla is teaching with me. She would delight you—she is such a jewel of a teacher.

The Señora is suffering acutely, but she does not mention it. She spends much time in her chapel, showing her aching heart to her God.

Adios, hermana mia,

Peggy.

Ye Olde Inn

MARGARET C. MOLONEY

THE Church and the inn are more closely connected than most of us realize. As far back as history can take us we find hospitality considered a work of piety.

"Let all guests that come be received like Christ, Himself," we find in St. Benedict's Rule. "Let special care be taken in the reception of the poor and of strangers, because in them Christ is more truly welcomed."

In this true spirit of hospitality the New Inn at Gloucester and the George at Glastonbury were built by the Benedictine monks.

Hospitality, however, has not been confined to the monastic houses. In many parishes the village inn served the same purpose of recreation and entertainment that our clubs and church halls of to-day serve; and in the old respectable inn a "Church Ale" was often celebrated for the benefit of the Church, or some other worthy project.

It was Puritanism that brought the Inn into disfavor, along with all forms of recreation and amusement; and having been given a bad name, the inn has degenerated.

Prior to Puritanism the Church and the inn worked hand in hand, each supplying the needs for which it was equipped—one ministering to the needs of the soul, the other to bodily needs.

"Here stop and spend a social hour
In harmless mirth and fun;
Let friendship reign; be just and kind;
And evil speak of none."

This verse, framed and hanging over the fireplace of an Essex inn, reminds those who drop in for a moment's respite from the cares of the day or the evening.

Following the idea, we find that many of the

old inn signs have a religious significance. "Salutation," a sign common in the olden days, marked the spot where those entering the town paused a moment to say their Ave Maria, commemorating the salutation of the Angel Gabriel.

"Cross Keys," another old sign is clearly connected with St. Peter. Also the "Lamb and the Flag" is another old inn sign with religious significance.

It is a far cry from the New Waldorf which boasts a restaurant beneath the roof that can be rolled away when the weather permits by the simple act of pushing a button, to the old inn that worked in partnership with the Church.

The Mission Inn at Riverside, California, seems to have resurrected the old custom of linking religion with its hospitality. "Enter, friend, this is your house," is the motto in Spanish that greets you at the main entrance.

At the double doors of the lobby is the Mission Inn escutcheon, which may see and fail to understand.

The figure on the left is that of St. Francis, on the right Junipero Serra, below is an Indian for whose conversion and civilization the missions of the West were established.

The Mission Inn is one of the most beautiful hospices in the United States, and throughout the buildings, the walks, the drives, the saints are given their places of honor, from the greeting and Godspeed of St. Christopher to the St. Francis weather vane on the top of the old adobe chimney.

Of this unusual inn John S. McGroarty has penned a beautiful poem:

One wandering day with blue skies o'er me
Through vales aflower 'mong white peaks flung
I trod the way they fared before me
In sandal shoon, when Time was young.
They that are dust I followed after
Till came the dream day to its close
And on the way from roof to rafter
The Mission hospice towers rose.
Pater and Ave—night winds blowing—
I passed to peace and waiting shrine,
Where in the niche with soft lights glowing
There smiled some well-loved saint of mine.
Roads of the world and every byway
They sent us there at candle light,
To hear upon the old King's Highway,
A new St. Francis speak 'Good night.'

The proprietor of the Mission Inn is a non-Catholic with all the reverence for the old missions that the true Californian bears.

While it is a far cry also from the Mission Inn to the old inn that staged a "Church Ale" to raise money its partner—the Church—needed, still that linking of piety and hospitality that we find in Mission Inn gives up hope that the old inn—"ye olde inn"—may yet come back to its good standing.

England's Loveliest River

(Continued from page 18)

plotch of roses and other gay flowers. Stately iris tremble among the reeds along the shore, and willows tranquilly trail their tips in the chuckling tide, while swallows dart and skim overhead and birds cheep cheerfully in the trees.

At Henley one sees a number of charming houseboats moored along the river's bank, set broadside to the shore and lined up as closely together as can be managed. Snub-nosed punts also float about in great numbers filled with gaily-attired young people. All these things, together with the many picturesque residences which dot the shores, and the great profusion of flowers everywhere visible, make the trip an Elysian one.

Even to smoky London this tiny river lends a note of charm, its grass-grown embankment trimming the city with a narrow seldedge of green for several miles. In the sombre hues of the commonplace, dirty-ombre schooners and barges moored along the London docks, their tawdry, torn sails reflected in wavering lines by the turbid water, Turner and Whistler found inspiration for many of their loveliest paintings. Indeed, literature, history, music, and art all teem with references to this very diminutive river. But it is a day's trip on its placid, pleasant waters that best conveys the meaning of the sobriquet given to the Thames—"King of Rivers."

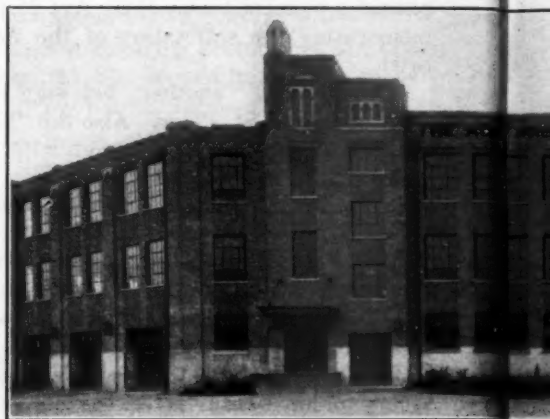
Two temples of God—the church and your soul! Have you desecrated either of them?

Jesus dwells in the Eucharist to make intercession for us.

The Catholic Press

"In the line of thought production,
the Press is second only to the
soul: the soul creates thought,
the Press spreads thought."

—A. K., O. S. B.



The Abbey Press—The new home of The Grail



THE PICTURE PRESENTED herewith shows the exterior of THE ABBEY PRESS, the new Home of THE GRAIL. THE GRAIL was established as a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, to encourage vocations to the holy Priesthood, and to help poor, but deserving, boys to attain that end.

The erection of this building has burdened us with a heavy debt. May we not look to at least some of our readers for financial assistance to aid us in liquidating this indebtedness?

Possibly you may have influence with some particular friend in making a substantial donation. Any donation, whether small or large, will be heartily welcomed.

AS A TOKEN OF APPRECIATION I will make a special memento in the daily Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that Almighty God may grant your wishes. You may send me with your donation your intentions listed on a separate sheet of paper, and they will be included in a special Mass on the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, June 3rd. This Mass will be offered up for the purpose of pleading with Almighty God to change the adverse conditions of these days of depression, and for your intention. Send directly to Fr. Edward, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Dear Fr. Edward:—

Please include my intentions in your Mass on the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, June 3rd. I am enclosing \$..... for the NEW HOME OF THE GRAIL.

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The new Dome of The Grail

Special Subscription Drive

"Ask, and it shall be given you;
seek, and you shall find; knock,
and it shall be opened to you."

—Matt. 7. 7.



YOU CAN ASSIST us not only by a donation, as noted on the foregoing page, but you may also be a missionary by getting new subscribers.

You well realize, my dear reader, that without subscriptions no magazine can exist, nor can we accomplish our ideal of educating many, many poor but deserving boys to the Holy Priesthood.

As a special inducement to all our readers, we have an exceptional Offer to make:

Send just one new subscriber for one year at \$3.00 or two years for \$5.00 and we will extend your subscription for the same period of time absolutely FREE to you together with a premium to you and to your new subscriber.

How many of our readers will act as missionaries for us for *just one* new subscription and help us double our list?

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Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY, PH. D.

(Continued)

AMONG the books recommended for spiritual reading is the Blessed Grignon de Montfort's *The Secret of Sanctity* (consecration to Mary); and therein students find the recommendation that after Holy Communion they put our Host in the arms of His and our Blessed Mother, asking permission to embrace Him as we give Him to her. With these words we make the offering:

O Sweetest Mother Mary, Mother of Jesus and my Mother, knowing how deserving Jesus is of adoration, of praise, of thanksgiving, of love, knowing how utterly incapable I am of welcoming Him in a fitting manner I come to thee. O dearest Mother, Jesus is now in my possession. His Divinity and His Humanity, His Sacred Body, His Precious Blood, His Sacred Heart with all its immense love He has abandoned all to me, miserable and unworthy though I am. I come to Thee, dearest Mother; I give Him into Thy keeping. Oh, I beg Thee to adore Him and love Him for me. I beg Thee to praise Him, to thank Him, to love Him as thou alone canst. Ask Him to pardon me all my sins and all my infidelities and all my lack of generosity. Ask Him, dearest Mother for all the graces of which I stand in need. Reverently, fully conscious of my unworthiness I kneel beside Thee. Oh, let me embrace Him with Thee. Unworthy though my Thanksgiving is, if whispered to Jesus in union with Thine it will be pleasing to His dear Sacred Heart.

Throughout our thanksgiving we keep in mind that we are praying in union with the Blessed Virgin. The youth who submitted the next paper, "Hail Mary," might well have been conscious of this union in prayer of which we speak.

When I finished thanksgiving after Communion in the Sorin Hall Chapel this morning I decided that, since I had the time, I would stay a little longer. (I enjoy being in the Chapel when the fellows come in for Confession and Communion;

in fact, I am so elevated by the experience that I look forward to it each morning.)

I felt something unusual happening; so I looked up toward the Rail, and there was a girl receiving Holy Communion. In Sorin Hall Chapel. Such a thing never occurred before.

That she was a freshman from St. Mary's, the daughter of a member of our faculty, with whom she came, is not important. But how pleased Our Lady must have been, and how awed I was.

I made a thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for letting me be in the Chapel, and I said a prayer for the young lady and for her father.

Having made an offering of Christ to His Mother we proceed to praise God, the highest form of prayer—forgetful of self, in union with the angels and saints. The students have in their *Missal* (St. Andrew's, p. 79ff.) the Benedicite—Daniel 3:57-88, 56 (the Song of the Three Children), and Psalm 101 ("Laudate Dominum in sanctis ejus"). They read that an indulgence of one year is attached to the recitation of this canticle with its versicles and prayers and of *Gratias tibi* of St. Thomas Aquinas and the *Transfige* of St. Bonaventure (Decree of Leo XIII, December 20, 1884). In addition to, or in place of, these praises we may use the "Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes" (Psalm 116), or the doxology, or the "Tantum Ergo" (which carries an indulgence of 100 days, if recited with its versicle and prayer).

In his *In Christ Jesus* Père Plus explains fully and attractively our using the yearning of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament to praise His Heavenly Father, and each communicant should not only adore Jesus in the Host but unite with Him in adoring God the Father. Thus does poor adoration become Divine, and thus do we do what Jesus longs for and rejoices in our doing. Thus does God receive the glory which is His due, and thus are graces showered on the soul that adores. Not only should we adore God in union with Christ; we should thank Him. Similarly we should make

acts of contrition and atonement and petition for spiritual and temporal favors.

The five thrones on which Jesus wishes to be adored by the faithful communicant we list thus:

1. The bosom of Mary. O Jesus, I adore Thee always present for me on the bosom of Mary, who is also my Mother.

2. The crib. O Jesus, I adore Thee as the Teacher of the evangelical virtues; I will meditate on Thy teachings.

3. The Cross. O Jesus, I adore Thee on the Cross, expiating sins and triumphing over hell. My Jesus, mercy!

4. The Tabernacle. O Jesus, I adore Thee, Prisoner of love of us. I will adore Thee daily to console Thy Sacred Heart.

Vestibule to the fifth throne of Jesus—the dearest to His Sacred Heart: Innocence or penitence. "I seek a pure heart. There is my resting place." A child of God by baptism. A soldier of Jesus Christ by Confirmation.

5. The heart of a faithful soul. To possess Jesus in Holy Communion is to enjoy paradise on earth. O Jesus, I adore Thee present and dwelling within me. Make my heart pure and enlighten my understanding. Direct my will and be the one Master of my soul and body.

Our directors bid us adore God silently as long as the Holy Ghost leads us to; in this circumstance we have the prayer of simple regard or of the presence of God, which is as superior to work prayers as to love is superior to saying, "I love you." *The Praise of Glory* (Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity), translated from the French and published by Burns Oates may be recommended for reading at this point.

In the second place, after Holy Communion we should express gratitude to God for health and all temporal favors, a list of which may well be recorded so that if distracted or troubled by spiritual dryness we may be enabled to recall them. We have mentioned previously in connection with the Offertory of the Mass the rendering thanks to God the Father for creation, to God the Son for redemption, and to God the Holy Ghost for the gift of faith, when uniting our offering with that of Jesus in the Host as the only worthy tribute. We encourage students to make various offerings in

thanksgiving—Holy Communion, novenas, Masses, mortifications, and so forth.

In the third instance, after Holy Communion we petition the Giver of all gifts for the different virtues, pleading in all Communion for our virtue of predilection and strength to overcome our dominant passion and all temptations, particularly those who trouble us most. (This we shall amplify later when discussing the way of self-surrender.) St. Alphonsus urges us never to cease asking (a) pardon for sins, (b) the love of God, and (c) the gift of perseverance.

Earlier in this series of papers we mentioned the pamphlet "Perseverance," published on the Campus, which all my students annotate during their first quarter at the University. The annotations are, in many cases, edifyingly intelligent; while the papers which result from reaction to the pamphlet are inspiring.

THE LORD DOTH MOVE IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS

When I annotated the pamphlet, "Perseverance," last fall, I said I didn't see how anyone could choose even a priest as confidant, that is, I couldn't accept the idea of consulting a priest outside the confessional. You will, then, be surprised to know that while at the hospital I made my confession at Father's knee.

Sister arranged Father's coming, I believe; at any rate, he came in, and I knelt beside the bed to confess. Ever since my mind has been reverting to the marvel of what wondrous ways God does take to make us change our minds about things. It surely feels good to think He would pay enough attention to this sparrow to bring about this change in my attitude.

The object of the pamphlet is, of course, the formation of character, the purpose of all teaching at the University; and as would be expected the formation of habits dominates such training.

When I was home, things were much different. There were no rules to tell me when to get up and when to go to bed. It wasn't anything unusual to sleep as late as eight o'clock; and then when I started to get up it would take a half an hour sometimes. I didn't have any place to go until nine o'clock; so there wasn't any hurry to get dressed and washed. Just like many others, I had no regular time to eat in the morning or noon. I often had things

to eat and drink between meals, which helped to spoil a good appetite. There was no regular hour to get to bed as long as I was in by twelve o'clock. All this helped to ruin my character and will power.

When I came to Notre Dame, I began to acquire new habits, because I had to and to help myself, since it was for my own good. There are set rules, strictly enforced, that I must obey concerning my duties and also a routine to follow. I have to be in bed every night at ten o'clock, and I have to be up at six in the morning. A thing like that was never thought of at home. But this is only for my own good, and already I can see the good effects of it. Mornings I am up before the bell and there is little or no effort to jump out of bed and get dressed and down stairs. In the morning I am fully rested.

The habit of eating every day at the same time has benefited me more than anything. The refectory food isn't like the food I had at home, but it is the right kind of food; moreover, there is no danger in eating too much starch, proteins, or any other kind of food because the diet is regulated. There is no use to be particular because you have to take what you get.

Among the new habits I have acquired is a very important one, which is beneficial to the soul more than the body. It is going to Mass every morning and receiving Holy Communion daily. The feeling of freedom of conscience and a light heart which results from this practice helps me to keep it up. This practice has many good results; it makes me have more care of my language; it promotes cleaner and better thoughts; it helps to fight temptations; and therefore it builds up my character on a good foundation. Going to Mass every day has taught me to love it. The Mass is no longer boresome as it used to be, because now I know how to pray and conduct myself during Mass. I have started the habit of getting in Church before Mass and remaining after Mass, which helps me to love it even more and to appreciate Holy Communion all the more.

There are many new habits besides these, but I consider these the greatest in building up a character. If I keep these habits I will succeed in my school work. Living at Notre Dame will teach me to form many more new habits, which I hope to carry through life.

The most beautiful spot on the Campus, and perhaps the most frequented, is the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. Nestled among flanking elms and surmounted by

evergreen trees, the shrine stands, a most beautiful tribute to Our Mother. At night, with the candles flickering in the deep recess of the cave, with the moon casting its radiance over the golden dome and towering church spire, with the lake forming a shimmering background against the trees, one finds that consolation and sympathy he needs, after a weary day, in kneeling before the statue of Our Blessed Mother. Such peace, such perfect happiness is radiated from that shrine that one almost loathes to leave and re-enter the turbulent world.

Thus have I felt when kneeling in such an atmosphere. Cares and worries, sorrows and troubles, all seemed to fall, like a great weight, from my back. I only sensed the serene and happy feeling of it upon finding one to whom I could confide and who, I was sure, would never betray my trust, one who loved me like a mother—one who is my mother. Many a day when fretted over studies or disturbed by other things, things that seemed to me the most important and gravest in the world, I have visited Our Lady and never once was I "left unaided."

On one particular occasion, when desirous of certain favors, I began a novena. After nine days of prayer without once failing to make a visit each day to the Grotto, I felt that I had done sufficient. But the next day, when I had finished my work, my conscience began to trouble me. Things felt empty, void, and lifeless. Everything went wrong; and deeply discouraged, I went once more to my haven of refuge. There I found it; the cause of my despondency. Before my Mother, to whom all my thoughts are known, I found consolation; and having discovered the secret of success, I have not since missed my daily visit.

* * * * *

When one enters a university, he has a strong desire to do things that comply with the ruling of the school. By so doing he hopes to rate well with those in authority and to prevent making disastrous blunders. Such was my feeling when I arrived on the Campus.

Before starting out on my plan of behavior, it was necessary for me to check up on my past habits in order to see where I must make improvement. To begin with, my tongue must be held in restraint, my desire to sleep must be cured, and lastly I must shape my spiritual self to fit well in the invironment of the University. These,

my bad habits, were the result of my four years spent as a high school student.

It took more than two weeks to effect this change in my daily life, but finally it has been accomplished. With the help of the spiritual environment here at school it has been comparatively easy to see discipline as it should be seen and to respond with a good will that always should accompany respect for authority.

After having attended school for several months, I find myself rising early every morning, receiving Holy Communion daily, and hearing Mass seven days out of the week, with practically no effort. It surprises me that these changes should come about without my knowing it; but since they are here I am glad to accept them as something to be thankful for and to be guarded and nourished daily.

(To be continued)

Notes of Interest

—Thirty Sioux Indians, all Catholics and members of the circus troupe of Sarrazani Show, took the opportunity afforded them when showing at Antwerp and Ghent, to visit Dendermonde, the birthplace of Father Peter De Smet, famous Jesuit missionary among their ancestors more than a century ago. The Indians, in native garb, executed several dances before the statue of Father De Smet, (This circus seems to be predominately Catholic. Last year they visited Einsiedeln Abbey, which had given them Bishop Marty. A recent issue of "The Universe" carried a picture of a priest blessing the animals of the show.)

—Recent developments in aeronautics tend to obliterate the humble beginnings of air travel. The Bavarian press recalls that Father Ulrich Schiegg, a Benedictine at Ottobeuren monastery near Memmingen in the Bavarian Algau succeeded in getting a balloon aloft on January 22, 1784. It remained aloft for forty-five minutes. This is one of the earliest recorded experiments.

—Valerian Augustine of Karkal, Mangalore, a six-year-old child, who has been completely paralyzed for the last four years, was miraculously cured last December by kissing the relics of St. Francis Xavier in the church of Bom Jesus at Goa, India. A number of other cures have been reported. An Anglican architect of Ceylon, Peter Henry Wilson Peires, who lost the use of his right arm in an accident in 1930, was again able to use it after kissing the relic.

—In an address at a banquet in his honor on the thirteenth anniversary of his presidency at Columbia University, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler named "four of the greatest and most dominant personalities which the world has produced for a hundred years." Besides Gladstone and Prince Bismarck, the Doctor mentioned Pope Leo XIII and Cardinal Newman.

—A man in New York won a bet by claiming he could repeat all the names on three pages of the New York Telephone Directory. He won by repeating "Cohen, Cohen, Cohen," several hundred times.

—Samuel B. Davis, 52, the Negro actor who portrayed "Gabriel" in the Pulitzer prize play, "Green Pastures," died a Catholic. He was baptized on his deathbed. About half of the cast of "Green Pastures" is Catholic.

Since the crucifix has been taken away from the schools by the orders of the anticlerical government in Spain, children in great numbers who attend the public schools in Pamplona now wear large crucifixes tied round their necks. Twenty-one ladies who visited the civil Governor of Salamanca to protest against the removal of the crucifix from the schools were each fined various amounts.

—Of the sixty-four students eligible for the finals in the *Daily Tribune* (Chicago) spelling bee, forty-six are from parochial schools, representing more than seventy per cent. Fourteen pupils are from public schools, and four from Lutheran schools.

—The following is a summary of the report obtained from a number of Catholic hospitals to which a questionnaire was sent. These statistics are based on the 361 replies that were received out of 655 that were sent out. Between January 1 and December 31 of the year 1930, 361 Catholic hospitals in the United States cared for a total of 918,561 patients, of whom 402,851 were non-Catholics. 1370 non-Catholics were received into the Church, 8,700 Catholics returned to the Sacraments, about 3000 marriages were validated, 246,000 confessions were heard and 838,633 Communion were distributed. 7,050 infant baptisms were recorded.

—The ruins of the fourth-century basilica on the traditional spot of the first multiplication of the loaves by Our Lord have been found by a German archeological expedition headed by the Rev. Evarist Mader, S. V. D. Ancient writings affirm that on the western shore of Lake Genesareth, there once stood a church on the spot where the people sought to proclaim Christ their King. In the course of centuries every vestige of the building was lost.

—There is a tradition, six centuries old, that whenever Good Friday falls on the feast of the Annunciation, March 25, the blood stains on the relics of Christ's crown of thorns become fresh and new in color. This miracle is known to have taken place in Andria Cathedral in Italy for the first time in 1308 and to have been repeated in 1623, 1644, 1704, 1712, 1785, 1795, 1837, 1853, 1864 and 1910. In 1842 a relic of the thorns bloomed. This year considerable interest was aroused and a large gathering awaited the miracle. Nor were they disappointed. The phenomenon was witnessed not only at Andria, but also at Naples, Aversa, Bari, and Bagnoli, where relics of the crown of thorns are preserved. The change did not take place in the parish of Melzi, near Genoa. At Andria the miracle occurred at 4:10 P. M. at the close of three hours of prayer. The stains remain for an indefinite length of time, sometimes as long as fifty days.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

In a religious pamphlet I recently read a reference to a letter entitled "Ad Anglos." Will you please tell me something about that letter?—Buffalo, N. Y.

The title "Ad Anglos" is given to an Apostolic Letter written to the English people by Pope Leo XIII in the year 1895, asking them to return to unity with the Roman Catholic Church.

I think some of the "blue laws" of the Church kill faith and devotion. I was married to a Catholic man with holy water and candles. He turned out to be no good. After being a widow for ten years I married a Protestant man without holy water and candles and he is a perfect husband. The Church frowns upon my second marriage because it did not take place with holy water and candles and so I have just about lost faith in these things. What am I to do?—West Orange, N. J.

It is, of course, too bad that your first marriage proved unhappy. But can that be blamed on the holy water and the candles? You say your present husband is perfect; that's fine! And, as you infer, the lack of holy water and candles made him what he is. But do not praise the day before the setting of the sun. Your question itself implies that your second marriage is not entirely in accord with the spirit of the Church; but Our Lord has said: "He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." (Matt. 18:17.) The editor of this column suggests that each morning and evening you go down upon your knees and make a true and sincere Act of Faith. This daily action will do more than anything else to restore your confidence in holy water and candles.

In gaining indulgences, what is meant by the term "Quarantine?" Or how long is a quarantine?—Ft. Wayne, Ind.

A "Quarantine" is a period of forty days.

At a mission recently the missionary bestowed on those present the special blessing of the Pope and then announced that if one were to die immediately after receiving the Papal blessing he would go straight to heaven. Does that mean that this blessing would keep one from going to Purgatory?—Jersey City, N. J.

At the end of a mission or retreat a special blessing, called the Papal Blessing, is given by the missionary in the name of the Holy Father. This blessing carries with it the privilege of a plenary indulgence under the conditions that a person has attended the exercises of the mission, has received the Sacraments of Penance and Eucharist during the mission, has received the above-mentioned blessing and offers five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys according to the intention of the Holy Father. To really gain a plenary indulgence it

must be borne in mind that a person must be in a state of the perfect love of God. No one but God knows if a person really receives a plenary indulgence. (NOTE:—Concerning the marriage case, you will have to consult with your pastor or confessor.)

I would appreciate an answer to the following question: what is your opinion of the book "The Mother" by Grazia De Ledda?—Bayonne, N. J.

The editor regrets to say that he has not read the book you mention.

Who was Saint Maurus? In what way was he connected with Saint Benedict?—Rockdale, Ill.

Saint Maurus was one of the first disciples of Saint Benedict. You are recommended to read the very excellent account of Saint Maurus in the Catholic Encyclopedia.

Will you please advise whether or not graces and devotions which are a gift of God to a person can be taken away by a priest or a missionary priest.—Indianapolis, Ind.

There are times when a confessor finds it his duty to ask a penitent to discontinue certain devotions. This he does not to deprive the person of grace, but because he feels that it would be imprudent for the penitent to continue such devotions.

Can you tell me where I can obtain the life history of Saint George with Novena prayers in his honor?—Argo, Ill.

Write to Saint Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

When a priest gives the blessing after Mass does he bless any article of devotion that has been brought to the church to be blessed?—Grand Rapids, Mich.

No, he does not. The blessing given at the end of the Mass extends only to the people who are present and not to any article. The latter must be blessed with a special blessing.

I am now working for a lady and from time to time I take eatables for a needy friend, which do not amount to very much. How can I pay her back without offering her money? Am uneasy.—Brooklyn, N. Y.

Take your case to your confessor, tell him honestly what you have been doing in this matter and then abide by his decision.

Is Roberta a Saint's name and are there any Saints by that name?—Minneapolis, Minn.

Roberta is the feminine form of the name Robert. And there are many Saints with the name Robert. Probably the best known of that name is Saint Robert, founder of the monastery of Citeaux. His feast is celebrated on April 29th.

Is it a sin to read about matters of sex before you are sixteen years of age?—Ottawa, Ill.

Such reading should be carefully avoided, even by people older than yourself. Anything you have need of knowing along this line should be obtained from your parents or your confessor.

May Catholics see the picture "Mata Hari?" Is it wrong to see a picture you are in doubt about?—Indianapolis, Ind.

Concerning the latter part of your question, when in doubt about a certain picture ask your pastor. The picture "Mata Hari" is not found on the "White List" of plays and has been quite adversely criticized by priests in several localities.



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight via Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

We print a picture of the unfinished new building that has been going up at Immaculate Conception Mission. It is to be a three-story building, and, when finished, will furnish much-needed dormitory space for the many children overcrowding the school. It is being built entirely on credit, and in these times of depression, when but few funds are coming in, it is going to be a problem to pay for it. But God will surely see this project through, just as He did all the others. When the new building is finished, there will have to be new kitchen equipment to make it safe. The new oven purchased by readers of THE GRAIL will be placed in it, and, thanks to God, fire hazard will be unknown as the entire building is fireproof.

Bills for groceries are piling up, and a carload each of coal and potatoes were purchased; Father Justin had to pay to have them hauled from the railroad to the Mission, and now the problem is, how to pay for them. The children must eat and be kept warm. Let us continue to send our mites regularly to the Mission, so that the good missionary may have something to depend upon, and that he may not have to worry about these troublesome bills.

Father Fintan, the new missionary, who has relieved Father Justin of part of his burdens had been stationed for four years at Jasper, Indiana. He takes much interest in his new work, throwing himself into it with great energy. It is a great relief to Father Justin to get this help in his arduous labors. Besides Stephan, there are five outside missions to be cared for, and it was more than Father Justin could do to attend to them all single-handed. At Fort Thompson there is a chapel and small rectory, and it is there Father Fintan is staying this winter, in the heart of the Episcopalian stronghold, taking care of our Catholic Indians. The property was fixed up and made habitable, and a great crowd of Indians came for a "wood-chopping bee," cutting enough wood to fill Father Fintan's cellar for the winter.

LETTER OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION PUPIL

Dear Friends:—

The first time I came here to the Mission

School, I liked it; I have been here four years and still like it. When it is time for vacation, I hate to leave my dear school, and you can bet I am glad to come back to it in September, for then we get to see all our good friends again. It won't be long before vacation is here again, and as I am in the eighth grade, I won't be back next year. If there would only be a high school here, I would be the first one back; but as there is no room, and no money for a high school, I suppose I will have to go to a Government High School. My happiest day at the Mission was on the day of my Solemn Communion. The services in church were very beautiful, and in the afternoon Father Justin took us for a ride down to Fort Thompson, eighteen miles from here. On the way back, we sang all kinds of songs, Father Justin singing with us; we also told each other jokes and had lots of fun. Father Pius, I know, is glad Spring is coming, so he can step out in the fresh air. I know he will be sorry to see his little Indians going away for vacation. I hope he won't be too lonesome during the summer months. He is getting along nicely, but of course, is weak. Now good-bye all!

Your Indian friend,

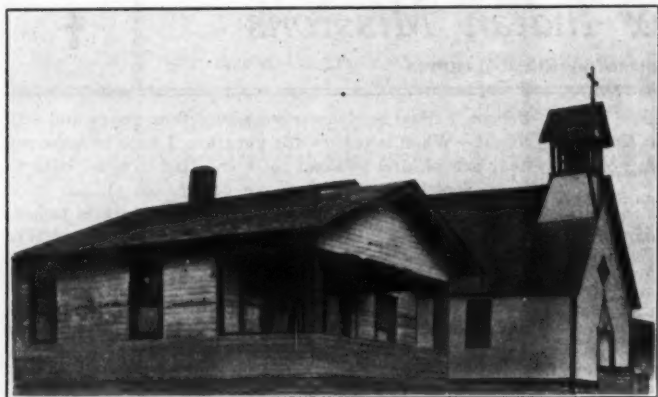
CECELIA ROSS.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

The depression has hit many people hard, but few people are in worse circumstances than our Indians are. The other day the mission nurse packed up some boxes of clothing, put them in the back of the car, and started out to hunt for destitute families. At one place, there was a tiny log house; an old Indian grandma sat outside right on the ice and snow, breaking twigs for the fire. A younger woman came out of the door of the cabin, and when told that the nurse was bringing clothing for her babies, her face glowed with happiness. She led the way indoors; what a house!



UNFINISHED SCHOOL BUILDING AT STEPHAN



FORT THOMPSON CHAPEL AND RESIDENCE

The cabin was so small that the one bed took up almost all of the room; about three feet away from it was a broken-down stove. Next to the stove, against the wall, was a bench. There was not even room for the box of clothing; it had to be placed on the bench in order to make room for us to stand. There was a boy of three, an eight-year-old girl, and a tiny baby. The little boy had on only a thin dress; nothing else; not even shoes or stockings. When the clothes were brought out, how the women beamed, the old grandma jabbering with delight in Indian! On the stove was a pot from which rose a not very delectable odor—it was skunk meat, being cooked for their dinner! The meat of this animal is considered a delicacy by the old timers of the tribe. The grease is saved; they rub their papooses with it.

Those Indian women who have girls are in luck, for most of the clothing that comes in, is for girls. Boys' clothing is very scarce. Mothers of boys, attention! Save everything outgrown by your boys, and send it to the Mission! No one but God and the missionaries know what a wonderful gift a bundle of clothing is to an Indian!

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

The applications for enrollment at this Mission have been fully three times the number that can be accommodated. As it is, the struggle has been hard to keep up the family of one hundred and fifteen who have been accepted. The children of the school are accomplishing wonders in the betterment of conditions in their homes. The generous response of the little ones to the missionaries' efforts has a wonderful effect upon the adults. This was evident on Christmas night, when parents and other relatives came long distances in their sleighs over snow-covered prairies to be present at the midnight Mass and receive Holy Communion.

The winter has been exceptionally mild, and this is certainly a God-send, as the expense for fuel is one of the greatest worries of the missionary. Two or three weeks ago a car of coal was unloaded, costing almost \$300. With no other asset than charity it is a difficult

matter to meet this expense, with so many other items staring them in the face. The Mission feels the depression deeply, since a great many people no longer respond to the appeals sent out. But those who cannot send money can send many prayers, and hear Masses for the success of the Mission.

LETTER OF THANKSGIVING FOR FAVOR

Dear Father Ambrose,

Enclose herewith \$3.00 in thanksgiving for favor granted to me by the Little Flower. Many, many thanks to her. She has been so wonderful to me, and I promised to have this favor published. I will also send you some clothing.

Respectfully,

Mrs. Anthony Arico, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

DONORS OF TIN FOIL, RELIGIOUS ARTICLES, ETC.

Laura E. Cushing, New Orleans; Mrs. B. E. Cornell, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Donor, Chicago; L. Pekain, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Clara Smith, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Agnes Ahrens, St. Louis; Mrs. E. J. Eder, Crown Point, Ind.; Miss M. Pfeiffer, Buffalo; Mame McAleer, Altoona, Pa.; Miss Mary Farrell, Hewlett, N. Y.; Mrs. Blanche Bowen, Morganfield, Ky.; Mrs. Laura B. Schulz, New Orleans; Nell E. Conway, E. Orange, N. J.; Mrs. R. Houza, Minneapolis.

BEADWORK, EMBROIDERY

Handbags, \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.25. War club, \$2.00. Moccasins, adult, \$3.00; children's \$1.50; babies' 75¢; dolls' 25¢. (Give length of foot in inches.) Woven bead necklaces, \$1.00. Rose-bead necklace mixed with other beads, 35¢. Red hand-painted neck beads, 35¢; same in white 35¢. Mourning beads 50¢. Bead bracelet, 35¢. Small bead purse 50¢. Tiny bead purses on necklace, for children 50¢. Bead flower-clusters to wear on shoulder, 35¢ and 50¢. Beaded bag made of inner tube, beautiful, \$1.00.

EMBROIDERY. Large scarves, \$2.00. Small scarf, \$1.00. Tea towels, 25¢ each. Emb. knife and fork case, 50¢. Beautiful tea aprons, \$1.00. Bolster sham, \$1.50. Buffet sets, 1 large doily, 2 small, \$1.00. Large round centerpiece, 75¢. Round luncheon cloth, crochet edge, \$2.00. 2 Buffet scarves \$1.25 each. 2 emb. carriage quilts, \$1.50 each. Silk quilt top \$5.00. Do not buy your gifts downtown; buy them from our Indians. Help them to earn a living. Buy a piece for your lotto, bridge, or bazaar. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Accosting a pale-faced lad at the Little Flower School, Father Ambrose asked the boy his name.

"Dennis Cavanaugh!" came the answer promptly.

"Then you're Irish," suggested Father Ambrose.

"No, Fader," he replied, "I am white."

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AGNES BROWN HERING

MY MOTHER

They tell us of an India tree,
Which—howsoever the sun and sky
May tempt its bows to wander free,
And shoot and blossom wide and high—
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downwards again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth;
'Tis thus, though wooed by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee.

—MOORE.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD

Your face is dirty, little boy,
Your clothes are limp and damp,
You've lost your socks and skinned your shoes—
I'm mother to a tramp.

Your lip is swollen, little boy,
Your hair is all awry,
Your feelings hurt, you had to fight—
And soldiers never cry.

Your heart is aching, little lad,
Your eyes are wistful, too;
Forget you're growing up so big,
I'll sing a song to you.

I'll sing a song of mother's love
While you drop off to sleep,
A love that drives the tears away,
And makes your hurts less deep.

Your face is smiling, five-year-old!
A song is on your lips,—
Forgetting cares of yesterday,
You build your paper ships.

You build your paper ships, my own,
I'll build my prayers for you—
I'll pray that joy, and love, and life,
May make your dreams come true.

Your face is dirty, little boy,
Your clothes are limp and damp—
No words can tell how glad I am
I'm mother to a tramp!

—Elinore Lee White in the *Chicago Tribune*.

MARIA FILIPETTO OF PADUA

Adapted from the Italian by FR. PATRICK, O. S. B.

Recently we printed short accounts of two of St. Therese's "little legion," namely, that of Guy de Fontgalland and of Anna de Guigné, who were both little children of France. In the following sketch is the story of a little girl of sunny Italy, snatched away from this world in the prime of girlhood, who learned while yet very young to suffer much and to suffer well. She learned to offer up her suffering for the love of Jesus, whose name was ever on her lips. This is the reason why the life of this little child has aroused so much interest, far more after her death than during her life. This is what has caused the story of her life to be written not only in Italian, but in Portuguese, Dutch, and English as well.

This little heroine was born on the day which seemed to foreshadow the trials through which she was to live, namely, on Good Friday, April 5, 1912, at Padua. Maria was blessed with devout parents. Every morning the mother awoke her children by reciting aloud



HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

the petition, "Sweet heart of Jesus, make me love Thee more and more," and as the children repeated the prayer, she would add. "Up, up, children, it is Jesus who calls you. Be quick, don't you want to make a good beginning of your day along with Him?"

In her early childhood Maria lacked the quality, like so many little girls, of being gentle. Especially was this the case in her relations with her brothers. She would not take anything from them. She differed, however, from other children in this that she began while yet so young to try to overcome these tendencies to evil. She wore under her dress a 'rosary of victories,' that is, she kept an account, by means of beads, of the number of times that she overcame her mischievous tendencies.

Maria also possessed many good qualities. Like all little Italian girls, she loved her family tenderly. At school she was serious, docile, and laborious, and generally she was the best in her class. This, of course, was a motive of pride and was not entirely without effect. One day after coming home from school she was very silent and distressed. Her mother inquired the reason and learned that Maria had failed to solve a certain problem, while some of the others had succeeded. Her mother then told her very sweetly that if she were sorry because she had displeased her teacher, all well and good; but if she were sorry because others had done better than she, that would be a sign of pride and would not at all be praiseworthy. This served as a good lesson to Maria, and was a help to her in conquering her tendency to be proud.

One of the greatest pleasures of little Maria was to give small gifts to the poor. Moreover, she worked hard for the missions. Besides using her own spending money, she used to beg her parents as well as friends, who came to visit them, for small coins to use for this purpose. To visitors she would say: "First, we invite you to dinner and now we hold you for ransom"; and all, conquered by the little girl's gracious pleading, gladly opened their purses to her.

During the first half of December, 1921, Maria began her apostolate of suffering. She was seized with an attack of influenza, becoming very thin, and two days before Christmas she was found to have a serious case of diabetes. Her parents were sorely afflicted. Were they going to lose their little darling? The thought was terrifying. Maria was surrounded with the most loving care. In view of this her character became more gentle, and she strove to return thanks for these marks of affection.

But God was not yet going to pluck his little flower from this earth. She grew well enough to begin preparations for her first Holy Communion. As the time drew near, she could think of nothing else. She practiced little mortifications by going without candy or cake in order to purify her soul. On the evening before the happy day of her first Holy Communion she burst into tears while thinking of it. She asked pardon of her mother and father and brother for all the trouble she had caused them. She slept very little that night, and early the next morning she was awake

and praying fervently, her eyes filled with tears. She looked like a little angel as she approached the Communion rail in her white garment of purity and innocence. Great was her joy on that day.

In September, 1922, God asked another sacrifice from Maria and her parents. Piero, her much beloved brother, left home to become a member of the Society of Jesus. How Maria made the sacrifice can be seen from her words. "But if Jesus has called him can we say no?" And thus all of them made this sacrifice willingly for God.

Maria had received a copy of the life of the Little Flower, St. Therese of Lisieux, in which complete abandon to God, the little way of spiritual childhood, is inculcated. Very enthusiastic, Maria wished also to follow in this little way. In a diary she noted whether she had spent the day well or not. There we find such criticisms as: "Have not been very good to-day. Have said some horrid things to Mario (her brother)." The horrid things were stupid, silly, etc.

"I have done fairly well to-day." "Have not put up with things well. I must restrain myself." "I have done better to-day."

Maria not only willingly bore the trials, especially of sickness, which were sent to her, but she also mortified herself in a number of trifling ways. To her brother she gave candy bought with her own money. Like all other girls, Maria liked to be well-dressed. One day she was somewhat too particular concerning the dresses she wore. In the evening her mother asked her what gift she had made to Jesus that day, and mentioned the fault of the child. She said nothing but soon began to sob, and from then on she took care not to be so vain again.

Maria's health continually hung in the balance. A new doctor advised them to try a new cure, the effects of which were doubtful and which could be very dangerous unless correctly given. For this it was necessary to leave home again and to go to the hospital where she had to submit herself to many painful injections. In spite of this, Maria became known to the nurses and other patients for her cheerfulness and good nature. While at the hospital she had the great privilege of receiving Holy Communion every day. The little heroine had learned to offer all her suffering, whether of body or of soul, for the salvation of souls. She suffered with a courage far beyond that of her age—silently, so that she might not increase the anguish of her dear ones.

Still another trial was in store for Maria. An abscess was discovered, which required an operation without an anesthetic. It was necessary to make an eight-inch incision in the thigh and the knife penetrated several times deep into the wound, causing the little girl to quiver—but, holding a medal tightly in her hand, and keeping her mind on the agony of Jesus, she bore all patiently.

Contrary to the expectation of all, Maria grew rapidly well. She was contemplating entering school again at the beginning of the school year. Such, however, were not the plans of God. A new crisis came, and for

days she hovered between life and death. During this time she had the joy of seeing Piero once again. On being asked if she were contented to remain on this earth to suffer, she only smiled, thus showing her resignation.

(To be concluded)

HYMN TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

(Air: Holy God, We Praise Thy Name.)

Holy Host, Thou art Divine;
Christ art Thou, Lord God of Heaven.
Hidden is Thy splendor's shine,
Yet Thou art here, whole and living:
Body, Soul, Divinity,
Everlasting Majesty!

"Tis my Body; take and eat,"
At the Last Supper so Thou stated.
They who heard, with faith complete,
Ate the Bread thus consecrated.
This Thy Love's own Sacrament,
Thine Eternal Testament!

Thence, Thy Church this truth has taught,
Thy Real Presence glorifying.
And its sons in Thee have sought
Grace in life and peace at Thy dining.
Sacrament, we Thee adore,
Make us love Thee more and more.

Bread of Angels! Gift of Love!
Eucharist of life unending!
Seraphim, from Heav'n above,
Here, unseen, before Thee bending,
Whisper low in rapture lost:
"Holy, holy, holy Host!"

A PROTESTANT BOY WHO BECAME A PRIEST

A priest tells the story of a little Protestant boy who once expressed the desire to become a priest—and he is one now.

One day in a small Belgian town two little Protestant boys and their mother were watching a procession with the Blessed Sacrament. Perhaps it was the feast of Corpus Christi—or some other solemn occasion.

As Jesus in the Holy Eucharist was passing, one of the little fellows wanted to know what it was. His mother replied that it was Our Lord and that the man who carried It was a priest. This struck the little fellow as something so wonderful that he said confidentially: "If that is Our Lord, how I would like to be that man."

"But you cannot," said the mother, "because you are not a Catholic."

A few months later these same two boys and their parents were received into the Catholic Church. After the waters of baptism had been poured upon his head and the ceremony was over, the little fellow, who had not forgotten the procession of sometime ago, ran to his mother, saying, "Now I am a Catholic and I can become a priest."

"And did he?" you will ask.

Let the Father who tells the story answer for himself: "And that little boy did become a priest—and that little boy is talking to you now."

Who is he? His name is Fr. H. Morris, O. S. M.

EXPRESSION LESSON

AGNES BROWN HEWING

In order to become a pleasing reader, one to whom persons of refinement and culture will listen with enjoyment, there are certain requirements which you must observe, and if you expect to appear from time to time upon the public platform it would be well for you to check up on yourself to discover your faults.

Perhaps a good way to let you know what are the faults of young and inexperienced readers will be to give you the criticism made by a judge in a recent declamatory contest. You may read these criticisms and then ask yourself, "Do I do this?"

1. He is too conscious of gesture. (The expression of the reader's face indicates clearly if his mind is on his gestures. Gestures should be natural and easy so as not to attract attention from the thought.)

2. Do not back away from audience. (This judge says that change of position to show change of thought should not be made by stepping backward for this makes reader appear to be backing away from audience. A slight step forward is better.)

3. Pronunciation of 'blasphemy' and 'worthy.' The "a" in blasphemy is marked with one dot above.

4. Too affected. (Explanatory parts should be given in conversational tone as speaker looks into eyes of audience.)

5. Runs words together. (Do not say 'comesup', but 'comes up'.)

6. Does not know what to do with his hands. (Hands should hang naturally at sides except when used in gesture. Do not fidget. Keep fingers still.)

7. Too stiff. Stage conscious. (Stand easily and naturally. Forget you are on the stage. Think only of the story you are telling.)

8. Watch enunciation, (Speak each word separately and distinctly.)

9. Characters are not distinctive. They lack life and feeling. (Study each character you are to portray and put yourself in that character's place, standing, acting, and speaking as that character should.)

9. Explanatory material sounds too preachy. (Use conversational tone and be direct, looking into eyes of listeners.)

10. Pronunciation of 'the.' (The becomes *th* before vowels and consonants.)

11. Too affected; overdramatized. (Do not put on a lot of 'agony' on the stage. No one enjoys it. Be natural.)

12. Voice fades out toward close of sentences. (Do not lower your voice because you know there is a punctuation mark in sight.)

13. Takes breath wrongly—gaps. (Breathe through your nose, and breathe deeply. This gives your voice

greater range as well as other pleasing qualities. Learn to use your diaphragm in breathing. Never breathe with the mouth open, except in rare instances.

14. Pronunciation of 'kaleidoscopic' and 'weary.' (Look them up in the dictionary.)

15. She runs words together. (The browneyes-openedup. The brown eyes opened up.)

16. Restless. Stand perfectly still. Keep hands and feet and head still unless movement is required.)

17. Not enough pep. Too dead. Too stiff. Not at home on the stage. Frightened. Too retired for humorous reading. Be sure to have a selection that is suited to you and then practice until you really feel the emotions you wish to portray.

18. Entrance upon stage too hurried. Do not start talking until you have stopped moving. (When you enter, stop in about the center of the stage, and pause a few seconds before you speak.)

19. Pronunciation of 'kindergarten', 'theatre', 'cinema.' (You may think you pronounce these words correctly. Check up on yourself.)

20. Poise is poor. (Poise means perfect control of the parts, as when standing erect, indicating you are master of the situation.)

21. Sounds too memorized. (Strive to be natural. Tell it to your audience directly and naturally.)

22. Exit too hasty. (You may feel like running off the stage but don't let the audience know it. Unless your reading demands a hurried exit, as that of mother pulling small boy, leave with dignity after making slight bow. This rule holds for most dramatic readings.)

This is a good reading for the last day of school. Give it in an aggrieved tone all the way through, except concluding two lines.

ME

(By permission of author)—Douglas Malloch

Who left unhooked the kitchen screen? Me.
And let the flies all in, I mean? Me.
Why is it always just the same,
Whatever else I try to claim,
Why is it that they always blame—
Me?

Who was it broke the parlor chair? Me.
Who was it lost my father's square? Me.
Yes, night and day and here and yon
Whenever anything is gone
Why is it that they blame it on—
Me?

Who is it that they think of first? Me.
Who is it that they blame the worst? Me.
Whenever anything is wrecked
Or put where folks can't recollect
Why is it that they first suspect—
Me?

Who dulled the ax, who lost the ring? Me.
Who just gets blamed for ev'rything? Me.
Why do they do it, mas and pas?
A lot of times it really was
Me.

Give last two lines slowly and thoughtfully.

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STEEP ROAD

There is a road, a steep one, too,
That leads up to the town;
And every time I climb that road,
I wish 'twere leading down.

Now such a road is just the one
That leads to Paradise;
And upwards we must go to reach
The land beyond the skies.

It's pretty tough and mighty rough
To climb that road to town,
And oft's the time I wish that I
Could turn and go back down.

And that's the way we feel when life
Has played on us a trick,
We want to turn and go back down,
We haven't nerve to stick.

Sure, I'll admit, it's pretty hard
When all our strength is gone;
But think of what the Lord will say—
If we keep pluggin' on.

But man is weak, yes, very weak,
And when I go to town,
I still think the road's too steep,
And wish 'twere leading down.

JEROME MOORE, 3rd Year High.

IT IS HARD

To apologize,
To begin over,
To save money,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To admit error,
To face a sneer,
To be charitable,
To be considerate,
To keep on trying,
To avoid mistakes,
To forgive and forget,
To think and then act,
To keep out of the rut,
To make the best of little,
To shoulder deserved blame,
To subdue an unruly temper,
To maintain a high standard,
To recognize the silver lining,
BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS!

"Well," said the visitor to the little son of the famous motorist "and how are you getting on at school?"

"Fine," said the little chap. "I'm learning words of five cylinders now."

Here are some answers to test questions that were given by "bright" pupils in examination:

A triangle is a circle with three corners to it.

A mirage is something that someone does that cannot be done.

WHEN WASHINGTON BLUNDERED

(Bicentennial Series)

When great men blunder, their mistake is usually attended with far-reaching consequences. So it happened to Washington, even before his greatness began to make a noise in the world about him. It all happened thus:

Since he had so satisfactorily carried out his first military mission as ambassador to the French commandant at Fort LeBoeuf, Governor Dinwiddle, of Virginia, again chose him to journey to the Ohio region. This time he was to build a fort at the forks of the Beautiful River to protect the interests of those who held land in the Ohio Company. On this second journey, chancing upon a band of Frenchmen in a glen, Washington commanded his men to fire. Someone among the French shouted a warning, but it was too late. Among the dead was Captain Jumonville, the leader of the band, who was alleged to be peaceful emissary from France to the colonies. After this encounter, the little troop under Washington pushed on until, worn out from labor and marching, they arrived at the Great Meadows. Here they received word of the advance of a band of French soldiers. Immediately throwing aside all thought of weariness, they set about building some kind of fortification in the center of a small clearing—the now famous Fort Necessity of Washington's pioneer days. Just as they were finishing it, a volley from the surrounding woods announced to them the presence of the French. Until late that night, in a pouring rain, the battle lasted. At last, however, after repeated cries for parley, Washington consented, and the papers of capitulation were handed to him. They were written in French—and Washington could not read French! Relying, then, upon a faulty translation of the document by his interpreter, Van Braam—a Dutchman to whom both French and English were acquired tongues, the youthful commander signed his name to terms, which to him seemed as good as could be expected under the circumstances.

Then and there Washington made his great mistake. By signing those papers he admitted that he had assassinated Jumonville and that the French King was lawful sovereign of the lands about the Ohio. The news of this (as all bad news does) spread rapidly, and soon people in both hemispheres were discussing it over tea, at banquets, in offices, and assembly rooms. And, indeed, it was something to talk about.

By Washington's acknowledgment of Louis's sovereignty in the Ohio region, the French were given to believe that England had given up hope of spreading her colonies in the New World. And at once France sent ambassadors to England. On the other hand, England saw at once what a grave blunder Washington had made, and she realized that she had to do something immediately to rectify it and manifest her real intentions of colonization. As a first measure she sent over a detachment of British regulars under Braddock to protect the colonists and renew her claim to the Ohio. Thus, Washington's blunder had this first effect of making England take a personal interest in her colonies, which up to that time she had disregarded. And as the clash that followed formally opened hostilities between English and French troops, it may be said that Washington's blunder was one of the important factors in starting the French and Indian wars in America, which resulted in the loss of Canada to the French.

Now we can begin to see what grave issues the document signed at Fort Necessity on July 3, 1754, gave rise to. It is said that the soldiers who fought there soon forgot the incident, but Washington never forgot it. Always it lurked in the back of his memory, looming up big whenever an important task was placed on his shoulders. Those fatal papers of that memorable night, with their grave results, had been a lesson to him—one which he could not erase from his mind. In later life it must have stayed him from making many a mistake, and certainly it must have taught him never to be hasty, but always certain and positive in his conclusions. What great benefit this resoluteness of character was is amply shown by his later career as president. Truly, we may say that few young men of twenty-two make blunders of such wide importance.

GEORGE HATHORN, St. Meinrad Seminary, '36.

Abbey and Seminary

—Holy Week with its liturgical splendor and significant ceremonies is always impressive. In the absence of Father Abbot Father Subprior Placidus blessed the palms and celebrated the Solemn High Mass on Palm Sunday. As the weather that morning was very threatening there was no procession out of doors. During the singing of the Passion we missed the voices of the boys in the "turba," but they functioned on Good Friday.

—The Divine Office on each of the three last nights of Holy Week with its soul-stirring lamentations, the Holy Thursday Mass with its Easter Communion and the washing of the feet of twelve students, Good Friday with its grave ceremonies that are reminiscent of the memorable day when our Redemption was wrought on the tree of the Cross, and Holy Saturday with its blessing of the new fire and of the Paschal candle, the reading of the Prophecies and the blessing of the water, followed by the joyful Resurrection Mass, and the blessing of the "Paschal lamb" for the morrow's consumption, all tended to fill each participant with

true Easter joy. Outside the Church the real Easter spirit must necessarily be non-existent. Even many thousands of Catholics, who live far from church, or in small congregations where the beautiful ceremonies can not be carried out, while they realize the importance of this holy season, can not so readily grasp the deep significance of these holy days as they might if they could behold the sacred liturgy enacted in its proper setting.

—During the brief period of recreation after supper on Holy Saturday it was whispered about that the laundry was on fire. The ancient "shack" or "smoking tabernacle" of the old seminary, built of poplar wood in the '60's, with an annex added thereto some thirty years ago, had caught fire from an unknown cause, possibly from the carelessness of a smoker. The original building had for some years past been used for canning fruits and vegetables in season, while the later structure was serving as a laundry. The building was not entirely destroyed, but it was made unfit for further service, and the machinery was greatly damaged in part, while the rest is ruined beyond repair. A considerable quantity of bed linen was also badly scorched. Until the new laundry can be built in connection with the projected power plant, Father Lambert has pressed into service part of the adjacent machine shop, which had room to spare, and which lends itself admirably to this plan.

—Easter Sunday was a rather dreary, rainy day out of doors, but the beautiful singing of the choir was elevating to the spiritual man. The pontifical ceremonies on Thursday, Friday, and Sunday added much to the solemnity of these memorable days. Many of the priests of the community were absent over Easter, helping busy pastors in various parishes of the diocese.

—Easter Monday brought us the Rt. Rev. Augustine Ernest Antonioli, O. S. B., Abbot of Modena, Italy, for a brief visit. As the fascisti have possession of his abbey, and his monks have taken refuge in other abbeys, Abbot Augustine came to the United States several years ago to await more favorable times in the fatherland. For the present he is staying at New Orleans, but he hopes some day to be able to take possession of his abbey again.

—On the feast of the Annunciation, which, because the day proper fell in Holy Week, was transferred to April 4, the second Monday after Easter, was made a day of rejoicing for the community and the student body by the celebration of Father Luke's golden jubilee in the priesthood. As was mentioned in the March number of THE GRAIL, the anniversary proper occurred on Feb. 12, but the festivities were transferred until after Easter. Accordingly, shortly after Vespers on April 3, congratulations were offered to the venerable jubilarian in the College "gym." The brief exercises consisted of music and two congratulatory addresses, one by the Rev. Mr. Bauer, a deacon of the Seminary; the other, by Father Abbot Ignatius.—At 9 o'clock on Monday morning the jubilarian with strong voice offered up the solemn jubilee High Mass. Functioning thereat were Father Prior as assistant priest, Father

Eberhard as deacon, Father Charles as subdeacon; Father Andrew was master of ceremonies. After Mass there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, Benediction, and the *Te Deum* (Gregorian). Between dinner and Vespers there was a social intermingling of the monastic family.

—The feast of St. Benedict was transferred to April 6. Father Abbot Coadjutor was celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass and Father Matthew Preske, O. S. B., a professor on the faculty at Jasper Academy, preached the festive sermon.

—The Rev. Leon McNeill, class of '27, zealous and energetic diocesan superintendent of schools in Wichita, spent a few pleasant hours with us between trains on April 5.

—At six o'clock on the morning of April 6 Father Abbot Ignatius, accompanied by Bro. January, Father Edward Eisenman of Leopold, and Mr. Joseph Hirsch of Cannelton, took their places in the Cord, which the pilot steered Dakotaward. By midnight of that same day they had reached Omaha, a distance of 662 miles by the shorter route, which they followed. A six-hour ride the following afternoon brought them to the mission compound at Marty, where Fathers Sylvester and Hildebrand are stationed. Having paid the mission a short visit, they proceeded northward to Fort Totten, N. D., and a few miles beyond to the Indian mission school of the Little Flower at St. Michael, where Fathers Ambrose and Damian hold sway. On the 11th Brother Giles Laugel, O. S. B., who has been among the Indians since July, 1876, celebrated the diamond jubilee of his religious profession. In the evening of the 11th the little Indian children gave a very creditable entertainment in honor of the jubilarian. Father Abbot speaks in glowing terms of their ability as entertainers. He with the other guests was delighted with the performance. On the 12th the travelers directed their course south and west to Richardton to attend the solemn abbatial blessing of Abbot Cuthbert Goeb, first Abbot of Assumption Abbey. The ceremonies took place on the 13th. On the return trip they halted at Bismarck to see Father Bonaventure Goebel, of our community, who is chaplain of St. Alexius Hospital, which is conducted by Benedictine Sisters from St. Joseph, Minn. Two nights and a day spent with Fathers Pius, Justin, and Fintan, at Stephan, S. D., and another night at Marty, and the visitors were ready to depart for Hoosierdom. Bro. January remained at Marty, where he spent the greater part of the past year, but Bro. Meinrad accompanied them back to the Abbey to complete the term of his probation period and make his final vows. During the year and a half that he spent on the prairies the Dakota climate proved beneficial to his health. Father Abbot says that the Indian children at Marty staged a most delightful play as a farewell celebration.

—On April 20th the general chapter of the Swiss-American Congregation was opened here in the Abbey Church with a Pontifical Votive High Mass in honor of the Holy Spirit. The Mass was celebrated by the recently blessed Abbot of St. Joseph's Abbey in

Louisiana, the Rt. Rev. Columban Thuis. It was Abbot Columban's first Pontifical at the monastic home of his profession, where he had spent all the years of his religious life up to four months ago, when obedience demanded his transfer to the Southland as the father of another community. Abbot Philip of Conception, President of the Congregation; Abbot Edward of New Subiaco Abbey; and Abbot Coadjutor Ignatius, vested in cope and miter, had places in the sanctuary during this Mass. Abbot Bernard Murphy of Mt. Angel, who is in the hospital at Portland, threatened with the loss of his eyesight, was unavoidably absent. St. Mary's Abbey at Richardton, N. D., now defunct, belonged also to the Swiss-American Congregation, but the recently-formed community of Assumption Abbey at that place, composed to a great extent of monks from St. John's Abbey in Minnesota, will affiliate with the American-Cassinian Congregation. The closing of the general chapter took place on the morning of the 22nd with Pontifical High Mass, which was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Philip Ruggle, O. S. B. At the close of the solemn service the "Acta" or the decrees of the chapter were promulgated and the *Te Deum* was sung.

—The canonical visitation of the Abbey, which began after Vespers on the 22nd, was held by the Rt. Rev. President of the Swiss-American Congregation.

—Bro. Willibald Vossman, O. S. B., of the Abbey, died suddenly at 2:45 p. m. on April 22nd while we were putting the type of this issue in page form. The good Brother who was a man of solid, unostentatious piety, had for years been praying for a happy death. He had expressed the desire for a quick death so as not to be a burden to the community. For several years past he had been in rather poor health, but was not bed-ridden. At the time of his death he had just walked up a flight of steps. Fatigued by the climb, he sat down to rest—and died. Bro. Willibald came from Garrel, Oldenburg, in Westphalia. There he was born Nov. 16, 1858. Coming to America to serve God in the venerable Order of St. Benedict, he entered the novitiate at St. Meinrad, where he made his vows on May 19, 1887. He will be remembered by many of our alumni as the baker. His loaves were very large, but the quality was excellent. The funeral took place from the Abbey Church on the morning of April 24. May he rest in peace.

Book Notices

The Secrets of Plutology (by Gilbert F. Stevenson; 92 pages; \$1.50 net; The Christopher Publishing Co., Boston) is a treatise on the cause and the cure of financial depressions. In order to accomplish his end the author endeavors to show, first of all, just what is the purpose of money; he then shows that, either willfully or unknowingly, a misunderstanding of the purpose of money has been the main factor in all depressions. He points out, moreover, the falsity of the nation, which is so common, that overproduction is the cause of depression. "If every one in the world," he asserts, "would work eight hours per day during their working lives, there would be no overproduction. After providing for the necessities of life, labor could be used in providing comfortable homes, works of art, libraries,

landscaping," etc. etc.—While everyone will find much useful information in this book, it will prove of special interest to students of political economy and sociology. G. V.

Musings, a book of verse by Nannie Knowlton Barnum, justifies the blurb of the publishers that it comes "fresh from a novice in the writing of verse." Imagery is distinctly lacking. Rhythm is apparently disregarded. Because it lacks the two main elements of genuine poetry it naturally fails in appeal to the reader. Many of the lines are quite commonplace and prosy. To ascertain why "Ne'er" should be capitalized within a line we shall have to ask the "Crocus," of which the author writes, "you take the cakes." Whether by choice or chance it seems ominous that the dust wrapper should be black.—Cloth. 77 pages; \$1.50 Christopher Publishing House, Boston. P. K.

My Candle and Other Poems, by Mother Francis d'Assisi of the Ursulines of New Rochelle, may be truthfully styled a book of spiritual songs of simple beauty. When the spirit roams through the vast field of modern poetry, much of which is common grass not worth storing even as straw, it is delighted to chance upon a little flower such as this whose simple beauty bears the impress of the Creator's fingers. It charms, captivates the soul, and leads its willing captive to the Feet of Him in whose honor it sings its silent song. The foreword by Francis X. Talbot, S. J., forms an enlightening introduction to this collection of charming poetry, enhanced by the typography and physical make-up of the book.—Cloth. 66 pages; \$1.00. Benziger Brothers. P. K.

Shepherds on the Move, by Rev. Joseph A. Young. In this, the sequel to "Old Saint Mary's New Assistant," we are given a chance to view from within the feelings and sentiments of a young assistant pastor when the summons comes from the Bishop to break camp and move to another part of the field. Father Martin has now been seven years in the work, and though he is attached to his charges, his preparation for, and acceptance of, the rumored change are edifying. The story is extremely simple with some mild humor. Benziger Brothers, New York. Net, \$2.00. J. P.

Two useful manuals in teaching and learning the fundamentals of written English are: *Manual One, Instruction and Drill in the Fundamentals of Written English*, and *Manual Two, Tests in the Fundamentals of Written English*, by Miss Dorothy K. Austin, chairman of the department of English of Compton Junior College. These two manuals which are supplementary to each other are designed to correct the mistakes in diction, sentence structure, punctuation and spelling which keep the college aspirant in sub-freshman English. They contain "a minimum of rules with a maximum of practice." For two years they have been successfully used at Compton Junior College. They furnish valuable matter for a college review in fundamentals. Price, \$1.25 each manual. Christopher Publishing House, Boston. J. P.

Ned Haskins, by William H. Lamers, covers the ground of most popular juveniles, trite, perhaps, to grown-ups, but to the boy, never. Treasure hunting is as fascinating to-day as it has never been, and always makes an enjoyable plot. The book is intended for Catholic youths of grade school and junior high. A basket-ball tournament and camping on, and exploring, a wealthy man's abandoned estate are the high points. The writer's style will please his boy readers, especially in the fourth chapter. Price \$1.25. Published by Benziger Brothers, 26-28 Park Place, New York. J. P.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER XXI—GENTLEMAN JOE

ON emerging from the tea room, Eileen paused a moment to think what the best mode of procedure with her scheme would be. A telephone—that was the first thing she wanted; next door was the palatial Hotel Algonquin, with a row of private phone booths within. So she hurried to the entrance, and looking neither to right nor left, walked through the lobby and entered a booth. Remembering what she had read in the morning paper, she looked up the number of a hotel mentioned therein and called it.

"Hello! Excelsior Hotel? Will you please connect me with Mr. Joseph Alwin's room? Thank you," she told the operator. In a moment a masculine voice was heard.

"Mr. Alwin? This is Miss Trevillian—yes, Trevillian—of Cypress Drive. I suppose you've heard of us?"

"Oh, yes, yes; what can I do for you, Madam?"

"I am in great trouble, Mr. Alwin, and I want you to help me."

"Me—help you?"

"Yes! You see, I've heard of your gallantry, and I'm sure you won't refuse me."

"Well, ah—how much is in it?" he asked.

"Where can I see you?" she countered.

"How about the hotel restaurant? I mean the Excelsior."

"Couldn't it be anywhere else?" She disliked the savor of that particular hotel.

"Madam, I don't usually put myself out for—pardon me—strangers, and I prefer not to go out of my hotel. Of course, I'd like to help you, Lady, but I've first got to see if it's worth my while. You understand, don't you?" Eileen gritted her teeth together in chagrin, but there was nothing else for her to do but consent.

"Very well," she said, curtly. "When?"

"Right away if you like," replied the gangster.

"I'll be with you in fifteen minutes." Going outside, she signalled to her chauffeur, who was parked across the street. "Forty-First Street and Vinson Avenue," she told him and got into the car. Twelve minutes later, she alighted and walked toward the hotel. Now that she was there, she was a little frightened at her audacity. The neighborhood was an old one, and all the business houses, except the Excelsior Hotel, were

shabby; the hotel itself looked like a very old building furnished and painted up. Two or three extremely well-dressed young men lounged at the entrance, and sized her up in no uncertain manner as she entered, and in the lobby were knots of other men, leisurely talking and smoking. Not one of them but took her in from head to foot, although most of them veiled their scrutiny. Not a woman was about, and she began to feel uncomfortable; but suddenly, an extremely courteous young man detached himself from one of the groups and approached her, raising his hat deferentially.

"Miss Trevillian?" he asked politely.

"Yes! How did you know?" He laughed deprecatingly.

"Oh, I—just guessed. You see, Mr. Alwin had me watch for you. Come right this way, Miss." She followed him into the none too sumptuously furnished dining room, where "Gentleman Joe" himself was seated at a table in a corner, attended by at least three obsequious waiters, with towels over their arms and menu cards in their hands. One of them assisted her off with her coat, the second pulled out her chair, and the third handed her a menu card. The gangster bowed and asked her to order something.

"Well, really I—I've just come from lunch," she excused.

"Oh, come now—you must have something with me, if only to be sociable. I haven't had my lunch yet, and I'd feel uncomfortable eating alone."

"Very well, then; just a salad and coffee."

"You won't have some of this roast young duck with dressing, or some delicious friend oysters? They have a wonderful chef here."

"Oh no, thank you! I really couldn't."

"Very well then; Jake, bring her the best salad you have in the house, and coffee with whipped cream, and you might bring around some French pastry." Then he went on to order his own elaborate lunch, and meanwhile, Eileen, little caring what the waiter would bring, had time to glance at her surroundings. Grouped around their table, every table had one or two men customers; none of them seemed to be eating; merely smoking and talking. Two women were in the room with their escorts, but these were over at the windows. The tables between were empty. At a moment when Eileen had her head turned, Gentleman Joe made a scarcely perceptible movement with his head, and one by one the men at the tables began to sift out of the

room, until she and the gangster were entirely alone at their end of the dining room.

"Nice weather we're having for this time of the year," commented Mr. Alwin with a gracious nod of his head.

"Yes, very," replied Eileen, wondering if it were safe to begin with the subject uppermost in her mind.

"Judging by the weather map, I thought we were in for some very nasty weather; but seems like it was sidetracked somewhere."

"Yes," was her interesting reply. Then, after a little interval, she ventured: "Can we—talk now?"

"If you like, Miss, but I would recommend that we eat first and then talk at our leisure. You—are not in a hurry, I suppose?"

"Well, I am to play bridge at two. If it's all the same to you, I'd—"

"O. K. Shoot!"

"You see, it's like this; the boy that I'm in love with, has become infatuated with a little adventuress, and I'd like to break it up between them. Our fathers have always intended us to marry, but now this breaks up all their plans, and, incidentally, it breaks my heart." She sighed and looked down at her hands, resting on the tablecloth, and nervously twisted her rings. She waited so long before resuming, that he asked:

"Well, where do I come in at?" She leaned forward eagerly.

"You will help me, Mr. Alwin, won't you? I've read so much about you as being—kind to women." Gentleman Joe laughed heartily.

"Oh, you did, eh? My fame brings me strange customers. Yes, of course, I do like to help the ladies whenever I can, but first I must know just what it is you want me to do."

"It's a very simple thing I wish you to do, Mr. Alwin—simply to be seen talking to this girl, and I'll arrange to have my boy friend there at the same hour to see it—as if by chance, you understand." The gangster was shaking with laughter again.

"Very clever, Miss. You feel that if your boy friend sees her associating with persons of my ilk, the love affair will automatically end. I thank you for the compliment, Miss." She turned pale with sudden fear, but again his laughter reassured her.

"Oh, please don't feel offended, sir," she begged. "But I'm just about desperate. If you don't help me, I'm sure I don't know what I shall do!" This time Gentleman Joe leaned forward.

"Why not have her bumped off?" he said, with eyebrows arched.

"Oh, this is terrible!" cried Eileen, perceptibly shocked. "I'm sure I didn't mean—"

"It's all right; I was just joking, little girl. But it will cost you a pretty penny if I do this for you."

"You'll do it?"

"If you line my palm."

"Will five hundred do?"

"Nothing less than a grand, Miss," he told her baldly, still smiling.

"A grand? I'm afraid I don't understand—"

"A thousand bucks, Miss. You see, she might have me pinched for flirting, and then I would have to pay a fine."

By this time, Eileen wished herself well out of this; a thousand dollars! Where was she to get them? She had no other money but her allowance, and that was sometimes used up before the month was over. Why had she ever come? Ronald might have his old Madeline, and welcome! Why was she going to all this trouble for someone who seemed to prefer another to herself? But Gentleman Joe's words recalled her to her present surroundings.

"Here comes the food," he was saying. "I'll give you until after lunch to think it over." The waiters came and placed the viands before them, and the gangster spoke of trivial things while they ate—or rather, while he ate and she pretended. She nibbled at the food and sipped her coffee, the while she tried her best to be calm and self-poised, but in spite of her usual boldness and courage, her hand trembled.

"I'm afraid I don't know where I am going to lay hands on so large a sum of money," she objected, after they had finished. He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

"You asked me to help you, I'll try to do all I can, but you know, a man can't live on air. I have to make a living."

"I don't like to haggle with you, Mr. Alwin, but you see, I only get an allowance."

"Can't you get your old man to give it to you? Frame up somethin'." She thought a long time, toying with the clasp of her purse, and at last, seeing that he was growing impatient, she nervously agreed, although she did not know how she was to get the money.

"Very well; I'll get the money somehow."

"That's the stuff! Now, how do I go about it?"

"Well, I planned this way: I'll write the girl a note and get her to come to the corner of Sixth and Ashland at noon. I'm going to send her a nosegay of a red rose surrounded by violets, and ask her to wear them. That's for identification, but I'll sign the note with my boy friend's name. You be there at that time—you'll know her by the flowers. I want you to approach her very politely, ask if she is Miss Edgeworth, and then tell her that you are Dick Warner, Ronald Westover's cousin. (He's in South America now, I happen to know, and she's never seen him.) Tell her that Ronald was detained over on the North Side or somewhere, and that he sent you to bring her to the Copper Kettle to wait for him there. Don't take her in at once; detain her outside talking, so I have a chance to let my boy friend see you two talking together. Then take her leisurely by the arm and walk to the entrance with her, talking intimately."

"Very ingenious," commented the gangster. "But how am I to get rid of her afterwards?"

"Oh, why—just keep sitting there, apparently waiting for Ronald; you might order something in the meantime. Keep looking at your watch, and when Ronald does not show up, and it nears one o'clock, she will have to return to her office. You can take her

back there or not, just as you wish." Mr. Alwin laughed a low, amused laugh when she had finished.

"Clever little girl, aren't you?" he asked, sizing her up in a way she did not exactly relish. "I don't know but I ought to have *two* grand for doing you this favor."

"Oh, please!" she cried, growing paler. "I am not sure whether I can get even one thousand. But I'll try my level best."

"Well, I won't be too hard on you, but how am I going to know that you will have even the one grand for me? You see—I usually get paid in advance."

"Oh—I'll—I'll try to get the money—that is, I'll get a check from Dad and mail it to you."

"But I never handle checks. I must have cash."

"Well, my father's check is good; you hold it until you do the job for me; then I'll meet you somewhere and have it cashed for you. Is that satisfactory?" By this time she had regained her poise.

"Say, you're not Mr. Trevillian's daughter for nothing!" he cried, laughing. "Pretty shrewd, aren't you? Now, when does the show come off?"

"When I mail you the check, I'll attach a little note."

"Fine! Then that's settled. Can I order anything more for you?"

"Oh no, thanks; I must be going now." He arose and gallantly helped her on with her coat, accompanying her out into the lobby, which she saw was now deserted, except for one lone man sitting in a lounge chair, smoking and reading. He glanced up as they came out of the dining room, then became engrossed in his newspaper again. "Now, you won't forget just how you're to go about it?" she asked, in parting.

"I've got it down word for word, Miss."

"Very well, then; good-bye, and—thank you!"

"Thank you, Miss, for a delightful visit!" And he bowed graciously.

With a sigh of relief, she settled down on the cushions of the family car, and told the chauffeur to drive straight home. As the machine moved out of the shabby district and made for the more lively business part of town, she breathed more freely, for she had not been at ease even for a moment in the gangster hotel. The next thing was to get one thousand dollars from her father under some pretext. Conscience having been dug under and covered over ever since she first began to weave her fabric of iniquity, she had no qualms now about the manner of obtaining the money. So she waited that evening until after dinner, when her father was seated in the library with his cigar and evening paper, listening to the sprightly music of a jazz band over the radio; then she approached him with her best cajoling "baby" manner, sat upon the arm of his chair, ruffled his hair, kissed the tip of his ear, and placed her arm about his neck.

"Well," he said, fondly, turning to look at her, "what has Tickletoes been doing to-day? Keeping out of trouble, I hope?" It was the cue she needed.

"Hm," she said, leaning her head against his, "that's just what I've been doing—getting into trouble."

"What's that?" he asked, studying her face to see if she were serious.

"Daddy," she said, twisting his hair into fantastic points at the top and sides of his head, "I've been a bad girl."

"Yes? Well, let's have the bad news. What is it?" Suddenly she began laughing hysterically at him; it was partly her nerves, and partly his ludicrous appearance.

"Oh, Daddy, you look so funny! Do look at yourself in the mirror!" He stretched his neck and saw a reflection of himself in a mirror that reached from floor to ceiling at the corner of the room.

"What are you trying to do? Make a monkey of me? Here's my comb; now fix my hair right before I spank you. Now, what trouble have you been into again?"

"Daddy," she said, serious, as she slowly combed out the kinks, "I've been gambling."

"And you lost a lot of money and want me to make it good. Is that it?" The thing was working almost by itself.

"Yes, Daddy. I would like to pay my debts, but I haven't that much money of my own."

"How much?"

"A thousand dollars."

"Now, is that nice? Little girls like you oughtn't to play for anything more valuable than matches or candy cigarettes. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" She slowly nodded her head.

"Yes, I am; and I promise never to do it again if you will pay this."

"Well, as it's your first offense, I'll pay it this time; but let it be the last. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Daddy." It was almost too good to be true. A load dropped off her heart. Things were going to work out her way after all. They must! She would never stop until she had Ronald where she wanted him.

(To be continued)

Tired Children

And now we have with us "tired children." Years ago, when everything was more leisurely, "nerves" were unheard of, or at least very rare. Now, the sort of life we live has brought nerves even to our children; there are various causes of this condition. In some cases, it may be traced to too much pre-natal activity on the part of the mother, who should have led a quiet placid life, with little excitement at that time. Another, and too-prevalent cause, is, not seeing that the children get sufficient sleep and rest. Instead of the quiet home evenings spent seated around a table, reading, sewing, or talking, with the children doing their lessons and then off to an early bedtime, we have the family going off to the movies several times a week, having friends in to bridge, or going to friends' homes and taking the children along, and remaining up entirely too late for the good of the little ones.

The result is, chronic fatigue on their part; often, after being overtired, their sleep is restless and broken by bad dreams or even nightmares, caused perhaps by

being unwisely given heavy food late in the evening when the refreshments are passed around. In the morning, they awaken still tired, and are cross and irritable for the rest of the day. Following in the wake of insufficient sleep, comes poor appetite; dark circles appear under the eyes, and the face has a haggard expression. The body attitude is one of fatigue, with slouched shoulders and hollow chest. The tired child does not do anything joyously and willingly; he has to be forced and the more he is forced, the more tired he becomes.

This is a poor foundation for a future good physique, and, with a poor start like this, the individual will probably be battling with some sort of malady or infirmity all his life, since in such a run-down condition, resistance is very low, and disease can easily take hold. Parents should see to it that their children have ten or twelve hours' sleep every night without fail, or suffer the consequences of having nervous children.

Corpus Christi

The great outburst of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament which culminated in the establishment of the festival of Corpus Christi, began with the repression of Berengarius in the eleventh century. These heretics taught that the Holy Eucharist was not really the Body of Our Lord. This was looked upon as a denial of the Real Presence, and Catholics were urged, under the guidance of Bishops and Councils, to make a special devotion of "looking upon" our Lord. The establishment of the feast of Corpus Christi was marked by an intense desire to look upon the Sacred Host in reverence and adoration with the bodily eye, in reparation for the insults offered our Lord by the heresies of Berengarius, the Waldenses, and the Wycliffites.

The sects have done away with reverence and adoration of the Holy Eucharist because they see in it only the bread and wine, and they claim that such adoration is idolatry. It will be useful here to give the precise words of the Council of Trent on the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament: "If any one saith that in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist Christ, the only begotten Son of God, is not to be adored with the worship, and with the outward worship also of *latría*; and is, consequently, neither to be venerated with a special festive solemnity, nor to be solemnly borne in procession, according to the laudable and universal rite and custom of Holy Church; or not to be set up publicly before the people to be adored, and that the adorers thereof are idolaters; let him be anathema!"

The ancient practice at Elevation was to gaze at the Sacred Host, to welcome It, and then to bow down. For the first hundred years of Christianity, the Body of the Lord was, before all things, the bond of Christian unity, and the great symbol of the one and only Church. It was the recognized source of strength and courage in persecution and difficulty, whereby the martyrs triumphed, the confessors stood firm in the Faith, the virgins rose above the world, and from then on until now, the whole Church through It, has withstood the attacks of the devil.

The Mechanical Refrigerator

In a properly designed refrigerator, the temperature should be below 50 degrees. Circulation of air is necessary in the refrigerator, so it is important to remember that foods should not be crowded too closely. Cold air always drops to the bottom of the box, so foods requiring very cold air for their preservation should be placed there—such as milk, meats, fish. As foods from the kitchen are placed within the cabinet, the heat rises from them to the top, and it is for this reason that small spaces should be left between the dishes or packages. By permitting the heat to rise and cold to go to the bottom, the necessary circulation results.

Vegetable tops that will be later thrown away, should never be placed in the refrigerator, as this places an unnecessary load upon the motor; the tops should be removed, and no paper bags or wrappings be permitted in the box, as they unnecessarily absorb cold air. As the air in a mechanical refrigerator is dry, and fresh vegetables, in order to remain firm and crisp, require moisture, it is best to place them in the pans, called "hydrators," which may be purchased for that purpose. If such pans cannot be obtained, vegetables should be wetted under the cold water tap, shaken off, and then wrapped in oiled or wax paper—never in absorbent paper. To keep vegetables and fruits a long time in the refrigerator, be sure that there are no decayed spots on them; remove decayed parts at once, if not the whole vegetable.

Canned whipping cream may now be obtained, and it is a good idea to have several cans of this in the refrigerator at all times, as it requires 24 hours' chilling before using. You will thus have a good supply always at hand for desserts. When mixtures are poured into the freezing pans, it is a good idea to stir or whip the liquid around with a whisk two or three times. This makes a finer texture to the frozen dessert.

A Simple Art Work

A very simple but effective way to decorate various articles about the home that have become shabby, is, to marblize them in the following manner: Obtain several phials of Floating Art Color, obtainable at any art store. It is a sort of lacquer with a gasoline base. Fill a pail with clear water and then drop about six drops of each color on the surface of the water, blowing each drop so that it will spread. Not more than three or four contrasting colors should be used at a time, although silver or gold may be used with four colors. Black, red, yellow and gold or silver is very effective, or Nile green, orchid, and silver, or pink, black, and gold. Innumerable color combinations may be obtained.

After six drops of each color have been placed on the water and spread, blow at the colors until they streak around in a pleasing marble design. Then have the article to be dipped ready, and slowly lower it into the water to the very top; then blow the colors away and quickly take the article out. If you want

streaks to run straight up and down, just lower straight down and remove, but different effects may be had by moving the article around the water while gradually lowering it. Vases, candlesticks, old, faded candles, jars, tobacco tins, even shoes, leather purses, lamp shades, and Easter eggs may be colored by this process. After one or two articles have been dipped, the color becomes weak, and it is best to remove it by laying a piece of paper over the surface of the water; this soaks up the color and clears the water.

By using plain pieces of white paper to clear the water, beautiful art sheets may be obtained, which can be used as book covers, picture mattings, etc. A faded silk dress may be cut up into pieces large enough to make cushions of, carefully ironed, and then colored by laying on the surface of water on which colors have been dropped and spread. The smaller pieces of silk may be used as dance handkerchiefs, or to make fancy articles of.

Glass articles should be varnished or painted first before dipping; tobacco tins should be painted some plain color, or the printing will show through the art colors. Have a bottle of gasoline handy, and a cloth, with which to wipe off immediately any drops that may fall, or to remove it from the hands. If the design is not liked, it may be wiped off with the cloth dipped in gasoline and re-dipped.

When the pail is emptied, wipe out dry with an old rag, then rub the sides with a cloth dipped in gasoline to remove the color that has adhered to them. It is best to use a match stick for each small bottle, and drop the colors into the water with this; drop carefully, or the color will go to the bottom instead of floating. Greasy surfaces will not take the color. Everything to be colored must be absolutely clean. The paint dries into a hard, glassy surface that is washable.

Father's Job

Reams upon reams are written about mother's job, speeches made, whole magazines written for her benefit, but little is written for father—that is, in relation to his sons and daughters. His place in the eternal scheme is just as important as mother's, and he can influence his family for good or ill just as much as she can. In fact, the boys of a family naturally look to their father for leadership and example, and if he does not make himself an especial friend of his children, they will be losing much that they would otherwise have had in his companionship. It is not enough for him to just earn the living for the family; he should take each individual child and make a friend of it, speak to it intimately, kindly, and make it feel that at any time it may come to father with its problems.

Father Lasance, in one of his prayer books, gives beautiful advice to fathers: "Use your gentlest voice at home." Of course, sometimes it is necessary to use the voice of authority, where there is question of right or wrong, and he has a right to use it; but in a home where father makes an especial pal of each little child, there will be very little cause for hard words, for each one of those children will have such a love for that

father in their hearts, that not for worlds would they do anything to pain him.

"If fathers made pals of their boys, and taught them all that was right and good by their own upright example, there would be fewer criminals," says a noted educator. Many fathers of course, come home tired and weary from their work, and seek nothing more than rest and a quiet evening with pipe and newspaper. But that is not enough; father should consider it his duty to take each child to his armchair every evening, inquire pleasantly what the child had been doing that day, what school work, what games it had played, and be glad to solve any little questions or problems that come up, to say nothing of helping with school work. His reward for such companionship will show up later.

The Evolution of Music

Gregorian chant was really the foundation of music after the sixth century; it was not only a certain type of song, but a far-reaching musical style. It is impossible, however, to check the manner of singing in early times exactly, since notation with exact directions for time and pitch did not exist. Verbal traditions were relied on principally, with only *neumes* to aid the memory. Neume writing differed in different times and among different peoples.

By the end of the tenth century it had become customary to add a second voice to unison singing. This may be accounted for by the fact that when plain chant reached the Nordic countries, voices there were by nature sharply divided into high and low; some were unable to reach the high tone, some the low, so they sang as best suited the pitch of their voices, not in unison, on the same note, but in keeping with the natural distance between them—approximately five tones apart. This is the beginning of polyphonic music, and it penetrated the great style of the Gregorian chant and brought about a new musical form. In England accompaniment in sixths and thirds—that is, three tones or six tones apart—seems to have appeared early. Sometimes a third voice was added, which moved in octaves with the first, and also a fourth voice. Sometimes the four voices sang together on the same melody, at others, they broke off and each voice had a melody of its own, yet harmonizing with each other. This was the real beginning of four-part singing, or the quartet.

By the time singing had developed so far, the neumes were found to be inadequate, and a more accurate type of notation was necessary, to indicate, first, the *pitch*, the distance between the voices, and the duration of the tones. The first requirement led to the invention of the *staff*. At first one line was drawn, and later several, each designating a certain pitch. The four-line staff was invented by a French Benedictine monk, Guido of Arezzo, who died at Avellano near Arezzo, Italy, about the year 1050. He is considered one of the greatest teachers and pedagogues of his time.

The teaching of music at that time meant simply the teaching of *singing*, with which the whole theory of music during this period was concerned. The living

voice was the material to be fashioned, and music existed only to give the voice opportunities for expression. People wanted to hear singing, and the composer was less a creator than a master and teacher of singing. Guido's method offered the proper basis for fixing the pitch, but to express duration, a system of comparative fractions was introduced into notation called *time*.

Polyphonic music first appeared in the northern countries, and here it was most effectively carried on, but we have only scant records of it. And endless amount of material must have been lost, and a good deal may still be undiscovered. Then the day of chivalric poetry began, and poetry began to be joined to music, which began a new secular art music.

Household Hints

If milk used for boiled or baked custards is first scalded and allowed to cool before using, it will insure a perfectly smooth custard.

If something has been salted too much, place a wet cloth over top of pan while cooking, and the steam will carry off the excess salt, drawing it into the cloth.

Watch for the first line of steam from the hot fat; then it is ready to fry the doughnuts.

Successive coats of varnish darken the floor; if worn off in spots, the only satisfactory way of refinishing is to remove the old varnish with paint remover.

Shredded lettuce will go farther and also makes a good garnish.

Peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia will remove ink stains from hands.

When washing very fine china, place a cloth in bottom of sink and on drainboard to prevent chipping.

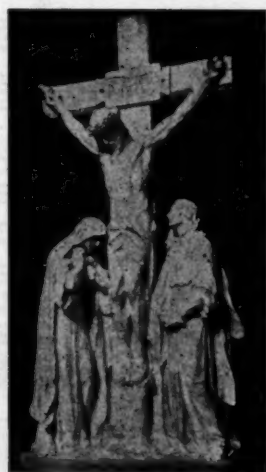
Rub leather seats with white of egg to brighten; then polish.

Soiled playing cards may be cleaned with a white cloth dipped in spirits of camphor.

Recipes

SNOW PUDDING:—Soak 1 ounce gelatin in 1 pint cold water for 10 minutes. Place on fire and remove as soon as dissolved. When nearly cold beat to a stiff froth with the egg beater. Beat the whites of 3 eggs until stiff, then add 1 cup sugar, the juice of 1 lemon, and lastly the gelatin. Pour into molds to harden and then put into the refrigerator. Make a custard of the egg yolks, 1 pint milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, and vanilla.

GADJETS:—Cream 1 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon butter; add 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon; mix well, then add a beaten egg and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Spread very thinly on a buttered baking sheet and bake. When nearly done, sprinkle with sugar, and when brown, take out, cut into squares and remove quickly with a thin knife or spatula.



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PRAYER

O gentlest Heart of Jesus, ever present in the Blessed Sacrament, ever consumed with burning love for the poor captive souls in purgatory, have mercy on the soul of Thy servant, (Name), bring him from the shadows of exile to the bright home of heaven, where we trust, Thou and Thy Blessed Mother have woven for him a crown of unfading glory. Amen.

INDULGENCED PRAYERS

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, I trust in Thee.

Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thy Heart.

O Heart of Jesus, in the Blessed Sacrament, burning with love for us, inflame our hearts with love for Thee.

Praised be the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

O Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, have mercy on us.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

My Jesus, mercy.

Jesus, my God, I love Thee above all things.

Divine Heart of Jesus, convert sinners, save the dying, deliver the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

Sweetest Jesus, be not Thou my Judge, but my Saviour.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come.

A sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore, that I may ever love Thee more and more.

What in all things God may be glorified. Rule, Ch. 57.



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